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THE WITNESSES.

BY ALFRED WOOD.

Day by day in the open meadows,
The cowslips swing their bells of gold;
And young leaves throng, like merry children,
The forest windows grim and old.

Day by day in the lower pastures,
Heavier mists at twilight fall,
The sheaves stand thick on short-white stubble,
The peaches glow on the orchard wall.

Day by day, over hill and valley,
The snowflakes wing their passage slow,
Cold white ghosts of the forest children
Dead in the tangled brakes below.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED).

BLAIR looked up as Austin greeted him—looked up with that listless, spiritless glance which speaks so eloquently of wrecked hopes and consequent despair.

"Well, Blair," said Austin, with his slow smile. "Thought I should find you here! You've dined, of course?"

Blair thought a moment, as if he were trying to recollect.

"No, I haven't," he said.

"No?"—cheerfully. "Come and have some grilled bones with me?"

"I hate grilled bones," was the listless response.

Austin Ambrose laughed and dropped into a chair.

"So do I, if it comes to that, but man must eat to live; but never mind the bones. Blair," and he leaned forward, "you have seen the evening paper?"

"No," said Blair, lighting his cigar, which he had allowed to die out.

"No! Then you don't know that Springtime has lost?"

"Has he?" was the indifferent response. "Did I back him?" and he passed his thin wasted hand over his forehead.

Austin raised his eyebrows.

"Did you back him? My dear Blair, what a question! Didn't you tell me this morning to get what odds I could?"

"Yes, I remember," said Blair, leaning back and gazing into the fire. "That's the horse you thought so well of, isn't it?"

Austin colored faintly.

"Well, I don't know. I would not put it exactly that way. But I did think he had a chance, and I backed him myself for as much as I could afford," he said in a much lower tone than Blair had used, for he did not want the marquis and the colonel to hear them.

"And he lost?" said Blair indifferently. "Well, somebody must lose," and he sank back in his chair as if he were both weary and cold.

"I suppose the money is all right?—I mean that you have a balance at the bank?" said Austin.

Blair nodded languidly.

"I suppose so. Oh, yes, I think so," he said carelessly. "If not, Tyler and Driver, will see to it."

Then he relapsed into his old attitude, and into the silence which had become habitual to him. Presently he rose and absently took two or three turns up and down the room. He was the shadow of his former self in bulk, but the stalwart frame was there still, and the marquis and Floyd watched him sadly.

"Going home, Blair?" said the colonel, in that tone of forced cheerfulness which we use towards a friend that has been stricken down by illness or a great sorrow.

"Home?" he said, with a little start and a suppressed shudder. "Good heavens, no! What should I do with the rest of the night?"

"It's morning now," said the marquis, with a yawn. "Why not go to bed, old man?"

"No, thank you," said Blair, with a grim smile. "Why should I go to bed?"

"Why, to sleep," replied the young lord.

"Yes, but I don't sleep," came the instant retort. "No,—think I'll go down to the Green Table."

"Oh, hang the Green Table!" exclaimed the colonel. "What's the use of going to that beastly place?"

"As for that, what's the use of going to any beastly place?" said Blair, and he rang the bell and asked for his overcoat.

"We'd better go with him, I suppose?" whispered the marquis; and when the footman had helped Blair on with his coat, they got theirs and followed him; Austin walking by his side, his face calm and serene with its cool set smile.

The tables at the gaming club seemed pretty well crowded, but Blair found a chair presently and began to play. The marquis and Colonel Floyd stood behind him with Austin.

Neither of the men had spoken a word to him, beyond returning his greeting as he entered the club, but now impelled by his anxiety on Blair's account, the marquis addressed him.

"I say, Ambrose, you know," he interposed; "poor old Blair is going to the—de—devil, don't you know?"

Austin shook his head.

"He was always very wild," he said, in an undertone, without removing his eyes from Blair's cards.

"Wild! Yes; but not like this. What's come to him?—what's happened to him? He's like a man half off his head, poor old chap. "Look how he's playing now! Why, a child could beat him! I've heard there's a lot of money in the family; but, hang it all, a gold mine couldn't stand it!"

Austin heaved a deep sigh.

"I quite understand your feelings, my dear marquis; but what am I to do? If you think my poor friend is a man to be coaxed or managed, well, try it!"

The marquis swore under his breath.

"I will!" he said, and laying his hand on Blair's shoulder, he said in an undertone, "Old fellow, the luck is dead against you to night; throw the cards up and come away!"

Blair turned as a man might turn from a dream, and looked up at him.

"Oh, is it you, Aldy? I beg your pardon. Want to go? All right, just wait till I have had another hand. The luck is against me, as you say, but what does it matter?" and he smiled. "The next best thing to winning is losing, you know."

"You see?" said Austin, in a low voice. "What is to be done? I have tried everything, but it is of no use," then the marquis bent over Blair, and said:

"Are you coming my way, Blair? I am going now."

"No, I think not," was the listless reply. "Going? Good-night."

The marquis and Colonel Floyd walked out of the club.

"I wonder what that fellow's game is," said the latter, "for, mark my words, Aldy, he has a game; all those sort of men have. Did you see his face when poor Blair lost?"

"No, I was watching the cards," said the marquis.

"Well, I wasn't. I was watching our pale-faced friend, and if it was sorrow on his face, then I don't know joy when I see it. I don't know what his game is, and I can't even guess at it, but if he isn't winning it, then I'm a Dutchman."

Blair played on until the daylight came in faint streaks through the Venetian blinds of the card room, and the hour of closing arrived. Then he rose as listless and weary, as unmoved and calm as when he sat down.

"You have lost?" said Austin, who still stood beside him.

"Yes, I think so. Oh, yes, heavily."

"Heavily?" echoed Austin. "My dear Blair! And you have had a run of bad luck all the week?"

"Yes, luck has been against me," Blair assented, and he beckoned to a footman who brought him some champagne.

"You don't know how much you have lost?" continued Austin, watching him as he drank the wine.

"No, not exactly. I told them to send the I O U's to Tyler and Driver's. Are you going now? I am afraid I have kept you."

"To Tyler and Driver's!" said Austin, as he strove to keep pace with Blair's long strides. "My dear fellow, Tyler told me only yesterday that you had overdrawn your account, and that he did not know how to arrange! And that was before this loss on 'Springtime!' And there are those I O U's to-night! Good Heavens, my dear Blair, you will be utterly ruined!"

Blair stopped and took out his cigar-case.

"Got a light?" he said. "Never mind, I've found one. Ruined? Do they say that? Well, they ought to know;" and he laughed grimly. "So they say I am ruined; well, what does it matter? If I am broke, I am the only person to whom it will signify. If I were a married man, now, and had a wife——"

He stopped, and the hand that held his cigar quivered in the lamplight, as he continued:

"But I haven't you see. Ruined! Well, perhaps it is as well. What do fellows do when they go under, Austin? Why, go abroad, don't they? I'll go abroad. I'll go to Boulogne, and be a billiard marker; or I'll work my way out to Australia and turn cattle runner."

He stopped abruptly and looked up at the sky, now streaked with the red rays of the coming sun.

"Oh, Austin, if I could only go to some place where I could forget her! She haunts me!—haunts me day and night! Go where I will, do what I will, I see her before me, just as she looked as she stood on the hill waving her hand the last morning"—his voice broke—"the last time I saw her. Oh, my darling, my darling!"

He stopped with a great sob, then hurried on, drawing his hat over his eyes.

Austin Ambrose watched him with keen scrutiny, much as a surgeon might watch the subject upon which he was experimenting with saw and knife.

"Blair," he said, panting a little, for his victim walked fast. "You should fight against this weakness. It is ruining you, body and soul. It is not fair to yourself or to your best friends. To me, for instance, or the earl."

"The earl!" said poor Blair, with a bitter laugh. "What does he care?"

"Or to Violet. Don't be angry, now," for Blair had turned upon him almost savagely. "She is your friend, and you know it. Why don't you go and see her?"

"Why? Because I can go and see no one?" groaned the unhappy man. "I tell you my lost darling haunts me continually. I see her so plainly sometimes that I can scarcely believe she is really dead!"

Austin started, then smiled reassuringly to himself.

"How can I mix with my fellowmen in he state I am in? You must give me time, man!" he cried almost savagely. "Give me time!"

They had reached Blair's chambers now, and with a nod he turned and slowly mounted the stairs.

Austin, left alone, leant against the lamp-post and, panting a little, lit a cigar, his cold gray eyes fixed upon the light that shone in Blair's window.

"You fool!" he muttered. "You simple fool! I've got you in my net—and her, too! Give you time! Yes, you shall have time, but whether you take long or come quickly I have got you!"

For a week after this Austin saw nothing of him; he was missed at his club, and—very much—missed at the Green Tables. No one could tell where he had gone, but in truth he was wandering, with a knapsack on his back, through an out-of-the-way part of the country, solitary and companionless save for his own sad thoughts.

At the end of the week Violet Graham was sitting moodily by the fire, thinking of him and of the dark mystery of Margaret Hale's death, wondering whether all her passionate desires would be fulfilled, when the footman opening the door, quietly announced:

"Lord Leyton."

She started to her feet, the blood coursing through her veins; then, suddenly remembering Austin's advice, sank down again, and, looking over her shoulder, said, in a low and rather languid voice:

"Oh, is that you, Blair?"

Blair was very much relieved by the manner of his reception. He had expected, and dreaded, a fuss, and he was grateful to her for sparing him.

"Yes, it is I," he said, taking her hand, which trembled a little for all her efforts to keep it steady. "You didn't expect to see me. I ought to have called before, but ——" he hesitated and looked down, as men do who are bad at excuses.

"But you are given to leaving undone what you should do, and doing that which you should leave undone!" she said, with a soft laugh. "Of course, I am glad to see you. Come nearer the fire. It is an awful evening, isn't it?"

"Beastly!" he said, as he drew his chair up to the fire.

"You are just in time for tea. Shall we have lights?"

"No," he replied, "unless you want them. I like this firelight."

"It is rather cosy," she said. "I am fond of it myself. Will you ring the bell?"

He rang the bell, and the servant brought in the tea-tray, with its little silver kettle, and placed it upon the small table near by.

The fire burned brightly, the kettle sang, the richly yet tastefully furnished room was redolent of luxurious comfort, and poor Blair nestled into his chair, and thought of the "beastly" weather outside.

Violet stole a glance at him as she busied herself with her tea-making, and a sharp pang shot through her as she saw in the firelight the pale, haggard face, which she had last seen so bright and careless.

She was about to say, "You have been very ill, haven't you?" but once again she remembered Austin's caution, and, instead, she said:

"Where have you been, Blair?"

He started and roused himself.

"Lately, do you mean?" he said, looking at the fire still. "I have been wandering about Somersetshire."

"Not shooting with a party?"

"No," he answered; "I have been alone! Just tramping round to—to kill time. I have been rather seedy, you know, but I am all right now," he added quickly, as if he feared she might question him.

All right! Her heart ached, but she forced a smile.

"You don't take any care of yourself, Blair," she said lightly, though her soul was filled with bitterness at the thought that it was the loss of that "other woman" which had wrought such havoc with him. "Here is your tea; I think I remember how you like it."

"It is first-rate," he said. "You always used to make good tea, Vi."

The color mounted to her face at the sound of the familiar name. How long it was since she had heard him use it.

"Did I? It is about the only thing I can do properly."

Then she went on talking in a light and cheerful tone, the sort of talk that exacts almost nothing from the listener: gossip about places and people he knew, the last scandal of the five o'clock teas, pleasant chat, to which he could listen or not, just as he chose.

And Blair did not listen all the time, but sat looking at the fire, with his teacup in his hand, and marveling in a dreamy fashion at the faithfulness of women.

This girl—the most hunted heiress in London, pretty, accomplished, every way desirable, whom he had neglected, almost deserted—received him as if he had been most devoted and steadfast. It was wonderful!

His heart smote him, and he felt drawn towards her in a curious kind of way.

After all, it is to the women men go when trouble smites them. There is no heart so tender, no sympathy so sure as that of a woman.

What a brute he had been not to come near her all this time! he thought, and under the impulse of self-reproach he felt inclined to tell her all.

"Vi," he said abruptly, breaking into the middle of some story she was telling him.

"Well?" she said, turning her face to him with a sudden light in her eyes, a light of hope and expectancy.

"I want to tell you," he said, passing his hand across his brow, "you know I have been in trouble lately. You may have heard something of it from Austin——"

"From Austin Ambrose?" she said. "No. Why should he tell me?"

"I didn't know. I thought perhaps he would. Vi, I have had a rough time of it—a very rough time of it. I don't think any man has suffered more than I have during these last few months."

He leant forward in his chair and put up his hand, so that it hid his face from her.

"Tell me, Blair," she said. "Poor Blair!" and stretching out her hand she laid it, softly as a feather, upon his.

Something in her voice, or perhaps it was the touch of her hand, reminded him of Margaret so keenly that he shuddered and his face turned white.

She felt the shudder and her acute sense saw the danger.

"Stop, Blair," she murmured. "Perhaps it is better that you should not tell me. Whatever it is—and it must have been something terrible—it will be well that you should forget it; and you won't forget it any the sooner by talking of it! No don't tell me! But I am very sorry, Blair, very—very."

Her face paled, and her lips, which were very close to his face as she bent forward, quivered.

"I think I would go through a great deal to save you from pain, Blair. We are such old friends, are we not?"

"Yes—yes," he said brokenly, and he put out his hand, and took hers and pressed it. "Yes, you were always good to me—too good, Vi. I don't deserve that you should be so kind now, after leaving you all this time!"

"Never mind that," she murmured, and her voice was soft and tender as only a woman's can be to the man she loves. "Don't let us think of that. I will be as you like, Blair."

The poor fellow's wounded heart was aching: his strength, mental and physical, broken down by illness and the long and dreary tramp; something suspiciously like tears shone in his eyes, and he raised her hand to his lips in speechless gratitude for her kindness and gentleness.

"Oh, not my hand, dear!" she murmured softly, and slipping down at his knees, she put up her lips.

Blair bent down and kissed her, as he was bound to do. He could not have done otherwise, and by that kiss he sealed his fate. And yet, even as he gave it, the sweet face of Margaret rose as plainly before him as if it were she and not Violet Graham who knelt at his feet.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARGARET went to her beautiful suite of rooms that night with a beating heart and a mind sorely troubled. Prince Rivani had proposed to her.

It had come so unexpectedly that it overwhelmed her.

There are a great many princes in Italy, they are commoner there than with us, but still a prince is always a prince, and this one was amongst the best and highest of his order.

Margaret had not dreamed that he would have condescended to bestow more than a passing and friendly thought upon the unknown English woman who dwelt in his house as a governess and companion to his sister.

And now, quite suddenly, without preparation, he had asked her to be his wife!

It seemed incredible, but it was only too true; and what was she to do?

It would have been bad enough had she been an ordinary Englishwoman, and her insignificance a poverty the only drawback; but her position was not so good as that even.

There was a blot upon her escutcheon which made it impossible to be the wife of any honest man, however humble he may be, least of all the wife of so great a man as Prince Rivani.

She had so completely buried all thought of love in the tomb of the past, that it had never occured to her that a man might fall in love with her, and now, as she stood before the glass and looked dreamily and sadly at her face, she was bound to admit, and that without vanity, that she was beautiful; but how beautiful, how supremely lovely, she herself did not guess.

But now what was she to do? Improbable and unlikely as it seemed, Prince Rivani had fallen in love with her, and asked her to be his wife, and, as it was simply impossible that she should marry him, and there was only one course open for her; she must leave the villa, and Florence, and at once.

She sighed deeply as the conviction was forced upon her.

She had been, after a fashion, almost happy; she had been at peace at any rate with these great people, who had lavished their kindness upon her and won her gratitude and love.

And now she must go! Must leave the kind old lady who, with all her stateliness, had ever been tender to the unknown English girl; leave Florence who loved her with all the warmth of her young unsealed heart!

She sighed again, and opening the window looked out at the night, or rather morning, for midnight had passed some hours since, and as she did so the faint perfume of a cigar floated up to her, and she saw the tall figure of the prince walking to and fro on the terrace beneath.

He, too, was sleepless, and thinking of her! She closed the window quietly and was beginning to undress, when there came a knock at the door and the Princess Florence entered.

For the first time Margaret was not glad to see her, but Florence unsuspectingly ran in and put her arm round the white shapely neck.

"Oh, forgive me, dear!" she murmured, with the impulsive enthusiasm of her age. "But I could not go to sleep until I came and told you how glad I am!"

"Glad?" said Margaret, flushing quickly, and tossing the long tresses of silky hair so that they hid her face.

"Yes, glad!" repeated Florence joyously. "Why, you dear, sly girl, you are not going to be so wicked as to pretend that you don't know what has happened?"

"What has happened?" said Margaret, her face all aflame for a moment, then growing pale.

"I mean your great success to-night!" said the girl sinking at Margaret's feet and leaning her head against her knee. "I can't sleep for thinking of it! The countess says she remembers nothing like it; it is not only the picture, which was quite enough to make you famous, but yourself, dear—yourself! Isn't it almost too unfair for one person to be so lovely and bewitching and also so clever?"

Margaret forced a smile and smoothed the girl's rather rough locks.

"Are you making fun of me, princess?" she said pleasantly, and yet a little sadly.

The princess looked up at her amazedly, then uttered an exclamation.

"Then it really is true that you don't know that you have caused such a sensation?" she exclaimed. "Why, dear, it was a *furore*, it was a '*Veni, vidi, vici*,' as our ancient emperor said. Do you know that directly you left the salon everybody fell to talking about you, though they had done that while you were there under pretence of talking about your picture. They all talked about you as if you were something that had dropped out of the skies, and we Rivanis were lucky to own the particular spot of earth upon which your divinityship descended."

Margaret laughed softly. The girl's enthusiasm amused her, though it was honest enough.

"You may laugh, but let me tell you, you quiet little woman, that your name will be ringing all through Italy before the week is out!"

"I sincerely trust not," said Margaret.

"Oh, but it will!" retorted the princess. "Signor Alfero is going to send your picture to be exhibited, and he will express the admiration he feels for it all through Rome; and Rome—which is the art-centre of the world—will spread it through Europe, and you will be famous! And then people will ask what the artist is like, and the countess and all those whose hearts you won to-night will tell what a lovely and charming girl you are, and you will have the world at your feet!"

"You talk nonsense very eloquently, princess," said Margaret gently.

"Is it nonsense? That is good! I will tell Ferdinand."

"Ferdinand—the prince!" said Margaret.

"Yes," laughed Florence. "For if it is nonsense, it is his nonsense, for I heard him say it after you left the room; and he said it almost gravely, as if he were sad rather than otherwise. Now, should he be sad?" she went on, looking up at Margaret's face thoughtfully.

"Isn't it rather too late for guessing riddles, dear?" suggested Margaret.

"Late! Who could sleep after such a night!" exclaimed the princess, with the sublime contempt for repose belonging to her age. "Why should he be sad, dear? I know he admires you, for when the countess asked him if he thought you pretty—Pretty! What impertinence!—he smiled and said 'No!' and he meant that he thought you more than pretty—lovely!"

"Do you think it is quite fair to construe his thoughts?" said Margaret.

"Oh, everything is fair in love and war——" she stopped suddenly and looked up at Margaret, and her face flushed eagerly. "Oh! Do you know, a thought has struck me. Only think, if Ferdinand should——" she stopped, and clasped Margaret round her waist. "Why, I believe he does already! Oh, dear! It seems almost too good to be true! But fancy if you should some day become my real sister!"

Margaret's face crimsoned, then gradually grew pale and strained.

"Princess," she said slowly, "never jest on such a subject again—for my sake and your own."

Gently as the words were spoken, they frightened the young girl.

"Oh, what have I said!" she murmured. "Was it very wicked?" and her lips began to tremble.

Margaret forced a smile, and caressed the rumpled hair tenderly.

"A philosopher who was also a wit once declared that a thing was worse than wicked, it was absurd!" she said; "and that is also my answer, and now go to bed dear, or you will appear at the breakfast table and frighten all your friends, for they will think they see the ghost of the Princess Florence."

The girl saw that her incautious speech had struck some discord in her dear friend's heart, and, kissing her penitently, stole from the room.

"Yes!" said Margaret to herself, "I must leave them—I must go into hiding again. Oh, Blair, Blair, you have not only ruined my past, but blighted all my future! It is not only that no one can visit my heart again, but you made even peace impossible!"

Meanwhile the prince strode up and down the terrace smoking his cigar, and glancing now and again up at the windows of the room which contained the girl he loved.

Prince Rivani, the descendent of a noble race, was young, handsome, a favorite at Court, a gallant officer, a popular young man all around, yet he was neither vain nor a fool—which is singular.

To say that he had fallen in love with Margaret the first time he saw her, when he nearly rode her down would be to say too much; but when she came to live at the villa, and he saw her day by day, her beauty, her grace, and that sweetness which is given to so few women, but which she possessed so abundantly, grew upon him, till he woke one day to find that his heart had left him, and that he loved the young English girl of whose past he knew—nothing!"

King Cophetua and the beggar girl is a very pretty story, and no doubt the king was very happy with his bride for a time, but the story does not go on to tell us that they were happy ever afterwards, and as a matter of fact we conclude that the monarch who marries a beggar maid commits a remarkably rash act. Such matches are not always happy ones.

Prince Rivani knew that he was expected to marry a lady of his own rank, or at any rate, of his own class.

He knew that there were at least half a dozen beautiful women at the Court, from whom he might choose a wife, and from whom he would be expected to choose one.

"To marry beneath him," would, if it did not quite break her heart, make his mother, the signora, very unhappy, and would probably, and would probably ruin his promising career.

He was a gentleman, and he was not a fool, so he went off to Court determined to cure himself of the passion which had assailed him, and to forget the lovely English girl with the sad look in the dark eyes, and the sweet smile which made him long to keep it on her face for ever.

It was a task beyond his strength, this forgetting her, but he had hoped that he was out of danger, when he returned and lo!—discovered that her love had too firm a hold upon his heart to be rooted out.

The girl he had left unknown and of little account in the world, had suddenly, in a night, become famous!

The glamor of her beauty, which had so affected even strangers, exercised a fascination for him, and he had spoken and avowed his love.

And she had refused him—or something like it. It was this refusal he was pondering over as he paced up and down, smoking cigar after cigar, long after the rest of the villa was hushed in quietude, if not repose.

Should he accept her refusal? No he would not, he could not! She had become part and parcel of his very life; all his thoughts centered in her.

At night he lay awake and called up her face; at day he thought of and longed for her. And to lose her at her word! She had said "No," because he had startled her.

He had been too sudden and too abrupt!—the very first night of his return to the villa. He should have awaited and prepared her by his attentions for the avowal he had sprung upon her last night.

No, he would not relinquish the hope which made life sweet to him so easily; he would win her even against herself if need were.

So, with one more glance at the window, the prince went to his rooms, to lie awake and watch the dawn creeping over the fair city which his race had helped to make illustrious.

Margaret did not appear at the breakfast table, but her absence was not commented on, for it was understood by all that the Villa Capri was Liberty Hall, and that each guest was left to come and go as he or she pleased.

So they made up for her absence by talking of her as they had talked of her the preceding night.

They were all curious, highly curious, to know something about her; but the signora, when appealed to smiled her serene smile, and shook her head.

"I can't tell anything about her," she said; "I have never asked her for her confidence. She is a lady and that is sufficient for me."

And they remained silent, for they could scarcely be so rude as to suggest that what sufficed for the signora did not satisfy them!

The guests dispersed after breakfast, the ladies to the boudoirs and music room, the gentlemen to the armory for their guns, for a shooting expedition had been planned for that day.

The prince, as in duty bound went with it, thought he would far rather have remained at home in his study to think of Margaret.

They returned in time to dress for dinner, and the prince who seemed tired, went straight to his sister's room.

"Oh, is it you Ferdy?" she said; "you have just come in time to coil up this plait for me. My maid has run off to Miss Leslie's room; she is always so anxious to desert me for her. They are all alike—the servants, I mean; I think they worship her!" and she laughed with a poor imitation of a pout.

The prince gathered up the plait of shining hair and kissed it with brotherly affection as he attempted to arrange it.

"They all love her do they?" he said; "and you, too, Florrie, eh?"

"And you, too, Ferdy, eh?" she retorted, glancing round at him wickedly.

He did not flush, but met her gaze steadily.

"And I, too, Florence," he said gravely.

"Oh, Ferdy," she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "I am so glad!—I am so happy!

I thought it was so, but I only thought! And—oh, I don't know what to say!—and when are you going to tell her?" she demanded impetuously.

"I have told her," he said quietly.

"And—oh!" for she read the result in his eyes.

"Never mind," he said gently; "all is not lost yet. But do not speak of it—least of all to her. Have you seen her to-day—has she been down?"

"I have seen her, but she has not been down. She has kept her own apartments, and has been working; and yet only a very little, I think. Oh, Ferdy, it can't be because she doesn't love you; that's impossible!"

"Thank you," he said, forcing a smile. "You will thrive at Court, Florrie."

"But it can't be! There must be something else—somebody else!"

His face grew pale and his lips contracted, and he opened his lips as if to speak, but he remained silent for a moment, then said:

"I must dress, or I shall be late," and left the room.

On the way he passed the door of Margaret's painting room, and as he did so the princess's maid came out. She started and stepped back with a curtsey, leaving the door open. Margaret came to the door to say something to the maid, and seeing the prince, stopped short.

For a moment they looked at each other without saying anything, then he bowed and drew a little nearer, and as the servant sped noiselessly away, said in a low voice, full of respect and reverence:

"Miss Leslie, will you forget what I said last night? No, not forget, but remember that I will not speak again without your permission?"

Margaret inclined her head.

"You are my mother's guest, as well as the woman I love, and I will keep the silence you commanded! You will honor us with your company at table?"

Margaret could find no words, but she inclined her head in assent, and the prince, with a low bow, which seemed as eloquent of gratitude and worship as the most ardent words could have been, left her.

That, night, while the rest gathered round her, vying with each other for a word or a smile, the prince kept away from her side. Only twice did he address her: once to bring her a fan when the room grew hot; and the second time, to lay a shawl by her side when, the windows having been opened the temperature changed too rapidly.

The days glided on. Fresh additions were made to the party, but Margaret's popularity did not decrease.

Fame, that had been prophesied for her, came, for her picture had been exhibited.

The great Alfero had expressed his admiration, and her name was ringing through Rome as that of the coming artist.

And through it all Margaret's heart was haunted by heavy trouble. Day after she met the prince and his conduct towards her was the same.

But though he refrained from paying her marked attention, it was evident to her and Florence—who watched him—that he was continually thinking of her.

Others might flock round her with the ready flattery of their ready tongues, courting the young girl whose picture had become famous in the world of art, and her beauty the theme in the world of fashion, but it was he who now and again stood with extended hand to help her into the carriage or place some choice blossoms near her plate.

No woman, daughter of Eve, could be insensible to devotion such as this; it would have touched a heart of stone, and Margaret's heart was anything but stony.

She scarcely exchanged three words a day with him, but she found herself looking towards him when he spoke to others, and meeting his gaze, which seemed to be always wandering towards her, her own eyes would fall, and her lips tremble.

Get away she must, and yet how? Night after night she lay awake trying to frame some excuse which would withstand the entreaties of the signora and Florence; and and she decided to remain until the party broke up and the prince returned to the Court, and then she would vanish——for ever!

The last night arrived. The party had been out on the hills, and returned with the gaiety of spirits which the English—alas—know nothing of.

The great banqueting hall was brilliant with light, and the guests in their magnificent costumes and gorgeous uniforms gave additional splendor to the decorations of the hall.

Margaret stole down to the drawing room a few minutes before the gong sounded, and her advent was the signal for a crowd of courtiers to throng round her.

"I should think you would be glad when we are gone!" said one, a white-haired veteran who seemed to find it impossible to leave the side of the quiet English girl, with her sweet smile and rare eyes. "I know you artists so love quiet, and we make such a noise, do we not? Alas! we shall be quiet enough to-morrow, for we shall be far away from the dear villa, and thinking of you——"

"Please include me, count," said the signora.

He made a bow.

"I spoke collectively, of course," he said, amidst the general laugh, not a whit discomposed. "If you knew how dreary you make the Court after your villa, and how we pine after you all!" he said with a sigh. "Why I do declare, to-day, if it had not been for an effort which becomes a duty, we should most of us be in tears. I missed everything I shot at, did I not, prince? But bah! I must not appeal to you, for you were as bad. Indeed, I do not know what has come to you lately; you have lost your own altogether."

"That is true," said a young attache; "and Rivani used to be the best shot among us, the best I know, except Blair Leyton."

The prince was standing beside Margaret, showing her some photographs of Rome which he had sent for, and was paying no attention to the general conversation round him.

"This is St. Peter's," he was saying, when suddenly Blair's name smote upon her ear.

She looked up pale as death, and the photograph fell from her hand to the floor.

Half a dozen hands were outstretched to recover it, but the prince stooped and picked it up, and stood in front of her as a screen.

"Are you ill?" he asked in a low voice; but Margaret did not hear him. She sat, leaning forward a little, her face deadly white, her eyes fixed upon the young attache.

The prince took up a fan and unobtrusively fanned her, his fine eyes fixed on her face.

She did not seem as if she were about to faint, but rather as if she had fallen into a trance.

"Blair Leyton?" said the count. "Blair Leyton?" and at every repetition of the name a tremulous quiver passed rapidly over Margaret's white face.

"Yes, Viscount Leyton, the Earl of Ferrers' nephew. Surely you remember him, general?"

"Oh, yes," said the count. I had forgotten for the moment. Yes, yes! He was a good shot. One in a thousand. I was with him in the Black Forest—and in England, too. A wonderful shot. A wonderful young man, too," he added; then, as some reminiscence occurred to him, he warmed into enthusiasm. "A fine specimen of an English sportsman. I do not think I ever saw a young man ride as he rode. It was in one of the English hunting counties; and he was riding a perfect demon of a horse. There was no other man on the field who would have got into the saddle, and yet this young lord rode him as if he were a lady's palfrey. I saw him jump ——" he stopped and smiled. "I am afraid, my dear signora, you would not believe me if I were to tell you! It was a tremendous jump, and to miss it meant a broken limb—or a broken neck!"

He paused, and Margaret, who had been fighting against the terrible effect the mere mention of Blair's name had worked upon her, recovered, and, with a sigh, withdrew her eyes from the speaker and looked up at the prince.

"Are you better?" he murmured, still screening her from the rest, and affecting to examine the costly fan he held.

"I—I am quite well," she said, looking down. "It must have been the heat."

"Doubtless," he said. "I will see the dining-room is cooler.

The gong sounded at the moment, and he had to leave her and give his arm to the countess, but Margaret heard him give directions to the servants respecting the dining-room windows.

The dinner proceeded. Her chair was placed within about six of his at the bottom of the table, and sometimes he would lean forward and say a few words; but to-night, although he watched her with that tender scrutiny of which Love teaches us the secret, he said nothing.

And she sat silent, not listening to the talk around her, but thinking of that past which Blair's name had recalled all too vividly.

The splendid room, the brilliant company, faded from her sight, and in their place rose the garden at Leyton Court, and in the moon rays stood close by her side the man who even then, as she thought, was plotting her ruin!

Suddenly she heard his name again. It was the old general, who, apparently, could not forget the young Englishman who had taken the big jump.

"Has anyone seen Viscount Leyton lately?" he inquired.

Margaret had a piece of bread in her hand, and was breaking it, but the prince saw her hand fall, and her fingers close over the bread with a convulsive clutch.

"I saw him when I was in London a month ago, count," said one of the young men.

"Indeed! And is he as strong and cheerful as ever? Dear me, I remember him singing a song—a stupid sort of a song; but he sang it with that lighthearted chic which the French pride themselves on, but which one sees oftenest in the English."

"Blair Leyton wasn't very light-hearted when I saw him last," said the young man. "He was awfully changed. He'd been ill, so they said, and very unlucky, too. Something had gone wrong with him, I fancy; an 'affection of the heart,' I suppose. Your Englishman, when he loses his mistress, invariably takes to drink or gambling. I don't fancy Blair would sink to the former, so I imagine he had been going in for the latter. You know the Green Table Club, general?"

The count made a significant grimace, and executed something very like a wink, and the young man nodded significantly.

"Poor fellow, he was always reckless and careless, but lately they say he was positively desperate. He must have been living pretty hard, for he is fearfully altered; the mere shadow of his old self; and you know what a splendid fellow he was, general?"

"Ah, yes," assented the old soldier. "I thought when I saw him that I would give a great deal to have him in my brigade. And he was so broken and altered, you say?"

"Oh, terribly. I heard, too, that he had lost nearly all his property. He had a great deal in his own right, in addition to his heirdom of the Ferrers property."

"It is a dreadful thing to see a man so richly endowed go to the dogs in that fashion," said the general, who had borne anything but a character for steadiness in his youth.

A smile went round the table, and the man, to close the subject, remarked:

"Oh, I hope the dogs will be disappointed yet. There was a rumor of a match between Blair and the great heiress, Miss Violet Graham; but I can't vouch for the truth of it, seeing I got it from a man, whose word I wouldn't hang a dog on—Austin Ambrose."

"Austin Ambrose, a man with a face like a mask, and a trick of looking over your head while he is talking to you?" said the general. "Oh, yes, I remember him. He was always with Lord Leyton."

"And is still," said the young man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CLEVER SWINDLE.—Some clever rascal in London, so it is narrated, advertised that he would, on receipt of sixpence in stamps, return to the sender one shilling. The advertisement was published prominently enough to attract considerable attention, and it naturally excited remark. To most persons it seemed a very transparent humbug, too silly to be called a fraud, but there were a few curious people who determined to see whether the advertiser was a crank or whether he had some game, so they sent on their sixpences.

By return mail each one received the shilling. A few days after the same advertisement appeared again in several of the newspapers, and everybody who had tried it before told all of his friends about it. The result is that several hundred sixpences were received, and next day as many shillings went back.

The third time the advertisement appeared the mail received by the clever sharper was simply enormous. Letters came from all parts of the kingdom and from all sorts of people, high and low, rich and poor. The rogue pocketed several thousands of pounds, and curiously enough, neglected to make any returns.

UNCLE 'RASTUS (to lawyer): "Kin I get er man 'rested fo' callin' me a bald-headed ole thief, Mistah Blank?" Lawyer: "Certainly, Uncle 'Rastus, no one has any right to call you such a name." Uncle 'Rastus: "Dat's what I thought, sah. When er man gits to be as ole as I am, 't ain't his fault dat he's bald-headed."

TRUTH is truth, though from an enemy and spoken in malice.

Bric-a-Brac.

"DESIRE"—The original meaning of the word "desire" was regret. There was one example retained in the authorised version of the Scriptures. The verse II. Chronicles, xxi. 20, runs thus: "Thirty and two years old when he (Jehoram) began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem eight years, and he departed without being 'desired,'" that is, regretted.

THE PARROT AND THE DOVES.—It is told of a parrot that she used to be very much annoyed by two doves which went into her cage as soon as she left it and ate up her food. Poll was one day seen to be in deep thought. After a while, however, she stepped out of the cage with great deliberation, and then turned and shut the door to after her. A screech of triumph showed plainly that she knew that she had put an end to the doves' free lunch.

DOUBLE-JOINTED SAVAGES.—A missionary who spent four months in the Navigator Islands in the Pacific Ocean, says the Samoans are the most graceful folk in the world, and very fine dancers. This is to be explained, in his opinion, by the fact they are "double-jointed." Their elbow and knee-joints can be bent in just the contrary way to the same joints in other people, they can move them backwards or forwards so to speak with equal ease. No wonder, then, these natives should be such clever dancers. It would be a greater wonder if they were not.

SCRAPING AN ACQUAINTANCE.—This anecdote is told of the Emperor Hadrian. It is said that once, as the Emperor was entering a bath, he saw an old soldier scraping himself with a tile. He recognized the soldier as a former comrade, and pitying his condition that he had nothing better than a tile for a flesh-brush, he sent him a sum of money and some bathing garments. The next day, as Hadrian entered the bath, he found it crowded with old soldiers scraping themselves with tiles. He understood the intent, and wittily evaded it, saying, "Scrape yourselves, gentemen, but you will not scrape an acquaintance with me." Some authorities refer it to the custom of scraping the foot behind in bowing which was always done in the formal days of Louis XIV.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.—You have most of you seen this tree with its beautiful branches drooping so gracefully towards the ground, from which character it derives its title of "weeping." Here is an interesting point about it which will be quite new to you. Scientific men call trees, plants, animals, etc., by Latin names, and how do you think Linnæus, the great naturalist, named the weeping willow? You will recollect that very plaintive and patriotic psalm in which is described the anguish of the captive Jews in Babylon. It tells, among other things, how they hung up their harps on the willows. Linnæus took a hint from this pathetic incident and called the tree "Willow of Babylon, thus assigning a double sense to the word "weeping."

A BRUTAL PROCESS.—One of the great luxuries of some eaters is what is called in French pate de foi gras. Those of Strasburg are the best in the world, but very few have more than a vague idea of the methods employed for enlarging the livers of the geese from which they are made. Now, the liver of a goose so "trained," if we may use the expression, is twelve time as large as nature intended it to be. In order to obtain this result the unfortunate geese are subjected to torments unknown even to the early Christians. The first thing done is to nail the feet of the geese fast to planks so that the may not arrest the desired tumefaction of the liver by even the slightest movement. Secondly, their eyes are put out that no glimpse of the world they have left may disturb them. Finally they are crammed with nuts, a delicacy of which they are extremely fond, but they are never allowed to drink a drop of water, although they suffer such tortures from thirst they utter piercing cries of agony.

A PRIVATE London letter contains an account of the annual "Fete and Masque" given to the London workgirl by a society of aristocratic ladies, organized for this purpose. The Duchess of Marlborough presided, and a gay crowd of fashionable people were present, including Lady Randolph Churchill. Mrs. Peters gave a superb banquet to the guests. Many American ladies were present and joined in the merry making. A May queen was crowned, prizes were awarded and the titled ladies intermingled with the working girls and make the day a memorable one to them.

IN VAIN.

BY H. G. D.

We meet, although we know 'tis vain;
Each meeting leaves a burning pain—
But still we pray to meet again,
And vainly long the more.

Yet when it comes, our words are none:
Hearts as on fire, lips turned to stone:
Each meeting leaves us—when alone—
More hopeless than before.

Why do we not for ever part,
Nor let each wretched struggling heart
Though sore with unavailing smart,
Still linger o'er the flame?

Ah me! the love that grows with years,
The love that bears, not hopes, but fears,
The ceaseless fount of bitter tears,
Still lives, till death, the same.

LOYAL AND TRUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO LOVERS—TWO LOVES," "MURIEL'S FRIEND," "AN INNOCENT ESCAPE," "CARRIED BY STRATAGEM," "A SPIRIT OF PEACE," ETC.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED).

SHE put on her hat and went out into the garden, taking a book to pass away some of those four lonely hours. Oh, it would be too cruel on such a glorious day as this if she were to be taken to a dirty little town.

She opened her book and read about Elaine and her fatal but most tender love, and now she went through the down-lit fields of Camelot to nurse the wounded knight who had worn her favor in the lists.

"One never gets the chance of doing anything so delightful nowadays," thought Archibel. "It is so provoking to think that tournaments have gone out of fashion—that is, tournaments in which any one could be wounded! If Mr. Thorold played in a lawn-tennis tournament, he might perhaps get a sprained ankle or catch a cold. How lonely he would be at Millham, with only the servants to nurse him; and I do believe that, if I went to nurse him, aunt Rachel would make all kinds of ridiculous objections. How nice it was for Elaine that she had a sensible father and no aunts."

Archibel heard the bell ring for prayers, and rose from her pleasant seat with all her fears renewed.

She had just succeeded in forgetting them by building herself a little visionary bower in which she had nearly lost all sense of time and the stern realities of life, and now she must come out of it and return to the world of Browns and Thompsons and propriety and obedience and stereotyped sight-seeing.

It was very provoking during breakfast to hear the plans for the day discussed as if it mattered little to anybody—and least of all to her—whether they should go off on an expedition or whether they should stay at home.

It seemed to her as if they were doing it to thwart her intentions.

"It is too lovely a day to be wasted," said Mrs. Thompson.

"I should think so!" gasped Archibel in inward inaudible comment.

"There is the Wilbury cattle-show to-morrow!" observed Lady Featherstonehaugh. "We had better do Highminster to-day."

"Three consecutive days of sight-seeing is almost too much," put in Jenny Brown. "Had we not better reserve ourselves for the show to-morrow?"

"Oh, you must not think the neighborhood so easily exhausted!" returned Mrs. Thompson. "We can find an interesting place to see every day for the next fortnight."

"She is doing it on purpose!" Archibel groaned within herself.

But the Fates had willed it—to Highminster they must go, and Archibel felt that life was indeed a path of sorrow.

"He will be waiting for me now," she thought, as they settled themselves in the carriage at eleven. "He will be so hurt and disappointed—he will think I care nothing for art, and that I have quite forgotten him and that I cannot keep my promise. He will be looking out of the little door," she went on in fond self-delusion, "and he will never see my white dress coming through the trees. He will fancy I thought him impertinent; he will go away and forget all about me, and I shall never see him again."

At last they drove up to Highminster Cathedral, and walked over the green grass amongst which the tombstones of departed canons stood out in very striking contrast.

On nearing the entrance, they came upon a young man who was copying the moulding over the great doors.

"Is that an artist?" Archibel asked with sudden interest; the man was not in the least like Thorold, but she felt interested in the whole confraternity of artists for his sake.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Jim Brown, who was next to her. "They are always swarming about places of this kind."

"Are they? I am so glad we came!" said Archibel.

Inside the cathedral the sun was forming beautiful effects of light and shade.

"Why is he not here?" Archibel sadly asked herself; then hopefully she thought, "Perhaps he will come."

"This is rather like Bayeux!" observed Jim.

He and she had fallen behind the others, who had met one of the vergers and were making inquiries about the evening service, the new dean, and the donor of a painted window that was being put in.

"Have you been at Bayeux?" asked Archibel, surprised. "Have you seen the tapestry?"

"Yes," he replied, smiling. "Is that wonderful? Everybody knows all the foreign cathedrals nowadays; and I am very fond of traveling."

"He is so rich!" Archibel thought grudgingly. "People like him can go about everywhere and see beautiful things, while the people who care for them must stay at home."

But Jim went on talking about this cathedral as if he did care for it and understood it too.

He pointed out all the different styles of architecture to Archibel, and told her how they wrote the history of the building in infallible records of stone.

She was very much interested, and tried to learn from him, to store her mind with his information.

"It will be so nice to know all about it if I ever come here with him," she thought.

By-and-by her attention wandered. What was more likely than that he would come to the cathedral that very day? It must be a good day for artists—there were so many about sketching.

So every footstep, every sound of an opening door made her heart beat with a quicker pulsation; every distant figure seated at easel or with sketching-book beside pillar or in arcade sent her blood rushing through her veins.

"You are tired?" said Jim kindly. "Let us sit down."

Here Mrs. Thompson came bustling up.

"Come and have some tea. Service is not till four; we are coming back for it."

"I don't want any tea!" Archibel returned pettishly. "You can all go and have it; and I will wait here."

"If he should come now!" she thought, looking longingly at the golden shafts of light and the deepening shadows. "How beautiful it would be to be with him in this solemn place!"

Aunt Rachel hesitated. Propriety was propriety; but it seemed such an opportunity, and James and Archibel had been getting on so nicely all the day!

"I will take care of Miss Lindsay," said Jim.

"On second thoughts, I will have tea," Archibel added, feeling that her prospects in life were now utterly ruined, and nothing mattered.

She did not speak civilly to Jim again that day.

Of course Mr. Thorold never appeared! How preposterously silly it seemed to have thought of it when they had finally left the echoing cathedral and were driving home in the sunset glow!

At any rate, joy would come with the morning.

She heard that they were not going to the cattle-show until two o'clock. Surely she could manage to have the morning to herself.

Directly after breakfast she slipped away. Her step was buoyant as she flitted through the wood, though her limbs seemly failed her when the Hermitage came within sight.

Had she not been too punctual? Would it not have been more suddenly to have been a little later? No, she told herself; she was late enough—a whole day late.

But she grew terribly nervous when she got nearer and saw the door was shut, and that no one was waiting to receive her.

"I have offended him!" she thought; but still she decided to wait a little.

So she hid behind some bushes, that he might not see her on his arrival.

She waited and waited, and no one came.

"Perhaps he has been in the Hermitage all the time!" she mused.

She dared not look in at the window; but she found a little hole through which she could just see.

No, he was not there; nothing but a rustic table and a rustic chair or two met her gaze—not even an easel or other token that he had been there since yesterday.

She looked at her watch, in the hope that she had mistaken the time. It was a quarter to twelve!

She decided to stay no longer. If he should come now, he should not see that she had been so much more mindful of the tryst than he.

She stooped to creep through the bushes again, and, in doing so, received a long scratch across her forehead.

She put up her hand to it, and then looked ruefully at her finger, which was covered with blood.

Her only thought was that the long red scar was a witness that she had been peeping. She hurried away, and met aunt Rachel in the hall.

"Good gracious, child—where have you been?" her aunt asked. "In what a state you have made yourself! I cannot possibly take you to the show this afternoon!"

"Oh, delightful consequence!" thought Archibel. "Artists never go to cattle-shows. He may call this afternoon; and I shall have to receive him."

Archibel was supremely innocent of etiquette, and fancied that if a young man wished to know or improve his acquaintance with a young woman, especially one who was such a near neighbor, there was no reason why he should not come and call upon her.

She watched the landau down the Wilbury road until it was a black speck; then she went to her room to change her dress.

"I can never let him see me like this!" she said despairingly, when she contemplated the deep red line across her brow, above which her hair was parted as smoothly as its natural roughness would permit.

Arrange her ruddy locks as she would, she could not hide the wound. Then a very desperate remedy occurred to her. She would cut her hair short in front.

"I will have a fringe," she said. "Girls in pictures always have them. Aunt Rachel will be awfully angry; but I must hide the scratch, and, when it is once done, it cannot be helped!"

She took up a pair of scissors and proceeded to clip off bits of hair. She looked sadly at each long rich strand as she severed it and laid it tenderly on the dressing-table; and her heart nearly failed her more than once during the process.

Once done, it certainly could not be helped. But what if she were making herself quite an object, and he should cease to admire her?

But when she had completed her task, she was quite pleased with the effect; the soft irregularity of outline above her forehead suited her irregularity of feature.

It was very terrible to think of what aunt Rachel would say; but so much might happen before aunt Rachel could see it.

"Something tells me I shall see him this afternoon!" she said to herself. "And, if he likes it, what does it matter about aunt Rachel?"

She had thought so much about Thorold, and had held so many imaginary conversations with him, and made up her mind what would be his opinion on so many subjects, that she felt as if she had known him long and intimately.

She quite forgot that he was a stranger whom she had only seen twice in her life, and then accidentally, who could not even know her name, and with whom she had really no recognised right to claim acquaintance at all.

So, when she had put on her very best dress—a peacock-blue satin that she had only been allowed to wear twice, on very great occasions—she went down to the drawing-room to watch and wait.

She tried to while away the time by practicing—she thought it would be very nice and look cultivated if he found her at the piano; but she dared not ever play more than four consecutive bars, lest she should miss the sound of his coming.

She went to the glass to see if she still liked her fringe, and was horrified to see how green the peacock-satin dress made her usually pale face look. Then she looked up at the clock.

"Seven! He is certainly late; but I am sure that clock is fast! It cannot possibly be even six, it is so very sunny!"

The sound of carriage-wheels came at last; and she darted to the window. It was her aunts and the Browns returning from the show.

She flew to her own room, for she dared not be caught in her satin dress. When she went down again, Jenny Brown was alone in the drawing-room.

"Why, you have been cutting your hair," she exclaimed. "What a pity you could not go with us! There were such a number of nice people there—Lord Bennington for one. He had come down on purpose, and had been there since early this morning with some ladies and gentlemen—quite a large party! That young man whom we saw painting the other day was with them."

CHAPTER IV.

ARCHIBEL had a very bad time of it after this. Aunt Rachel was very angry indeed about her fringe.

"You don't look respectable!" she declared. "You look like a fifth-rate actress. I never in my life saw a girl so disfigured. Here is an invitation for you to go to the Steels' with us; and I really don't think I can let you go!"

To Archibel, smarting under the feeling of conscious neglect, these words were like scourges, and she writhed under them in silent agony.

Lady Featherstonehaugh only remarked that she had made a "fright" of herself. Her hair was misfortunate enough from its color, without being made more conspicuous.

Jenny Brown said nothing, but gave Archibel a little comforting smile, though there was a touch of amusement in it that spoilt it as a means of shedding balm upon her wounds.

Then James came in; and, though she never cared for his opinion before, her eyes sought his now with a little anxious look to see if he too disapproved.

She saw that he noticed the change; but he came so kindly to her and said, "I am so sorry you did not come with us! We have had a very pleasant day," that her heart warmed towards him.

He seemed to be the only friend she had in the whole world just then. She wished she dared ask him if she had made a fright of herself.

Mrs. Thompson saved her the trouble. She was afraid James might think Archibel a frivolous sort of a girl to play such pranks with her appearance. So she said, as they sat down to dinner:

"Archibel has determined that she will miss no more pleasure through her scratch; but it was too desperate a remedy, was it not?"

Archibel could not help the appealing look in her eyes as she listened for his answer.

"I think she looks very nice," replied Jim, evading the particular point of the fringe; but Archibel blessed him in her heart; and after dinner, when he suggested that, as she had been shut up nearly all day, a little walk in the garden might be pleasant, she went out with him quite gladly.

He was so kind and careful too about getting a shawl for her, and he put it on her so tenderly; and then they went out into the sweet summer evening amongst the roses and mignonette and the trim geranium-beds.

"Aunt Rachel is so cross," she told him, "that it is quite a relief to get out of her sight! She can't keep her eyes off of my hair."

"She thinks you are still a little girl, you see, and that you should not do as you like," he said kindly.

"She is very cold and hard," Archibel went on. "She means to be kind, but she is unintentionally severe. Sometimes I think I shall run away." Then, looking up at him, she asked suddenly, "But I couldn't do it, could I? Could I go off and live in my own castle if I liked?"

"I am afraid not until you are twenty-one."

"I wish I were twenty-one then; I cannot live at Clapham any more; nothing ever happens there."

"You are not at Clapham now."

"And only misfortunes happen here," she said dolefully, thinking of her long day of disappointments and of the scratch for which, with its luckless consequences, there was no one to blame but Oswin Thorold. "Do you think I shall not be able to leave Clapham till I am twenty-one?" she asked earnestly. "Do you know that I shall not be as old as that for three years and a half? Are all my youthful years to be wasted there?"

"Unless you marry," he answered, very low and shyly, and turning very red in the face.

"I shall never marry," said Archibel decisively, flushing like a peony.

She had imagined it possible to have a lover, but such an idea as marrying him had never for a moment entered her mind.

"Then you will have to live at Clapham always," Jim responded, feeling ashamed of the ingratitude towards his hostess implied by such disparagement of her residence. "Ladies cannot live all alone even in their own castles—certainly not until they are at least fifty."

Archibel looked blankly at Jim, but she happened to meet an expression in his eyes that surprised her, and made her feel a sudden hot confusion that forced her own eyes to droop beneath his gaze.

He did not know himself what his eyes had plainly said until he saw hers sink so shyly—he was thinking how beautiful her face looked in the twilight, and what a lonely girl she was, shut up from sympathy and appreciation as she seemed to be; and how he wished he might tell her how he loved her, and how he would like to carry her off to her castle, and let her fill her heart with affection, and how he would watch over her and cherish her.

But it was too soon to say it all, and Jim was a young man not given to making pretty speeches, so he said nothing.

Only he took her hand and held it for a few moments in his, and then let her draw it away.

They walked back to the house, Jim talking to cover his confusion; but Archibel was deep in thought.

Could it be possible that Jim admired her too, or was he only making believe? Then she saw her aunt's smile when she went into the drawing-room with Jim, as if the fringe were forgiven and forgotten.

"What a long time you two have been out!" Jenny; and Jim, to hide his nervousness, pretended to fumble among the music.

Presently he asked Jenny to sing a duet with him, and while they sang Archibel sat beside the window and tried to take in this new idea.

"He is very nice in his way," she thought; "but I could not possibly marry a man whose name is Brown;" and she sighed as she thought of the handsome young artist with the romantic name.

Though she was very nice with Jim all the rest of the evening, she felt as if it were avenging the slights she had suffered to let some one else love and admire her, and to smile and talk pleasantly to him.

Her anger with Thorold was not at all lessened by being slept upon. The next morning the sight of her short curls in front reminded her of how she had stooped to folly in vain: not for all the world would she go to the Hermitage with the scar on her brow, that he might ask about it.

She went out to ride with Jenny and Jim; and she thought more and more of how nice Jim was, and how pleasant it was to be liked, and she became more and more sure that Jim really did like her, and that he was true and not make-believe.

He rode very well, as a knight should; and somehow she could not fancy Mr. Thorold looking his best on horseback—an artist riding would seem almost as much out of place as a sailor or a tailor; therefore an artist could not be made of the stuff of which knights were made.

The following day was Sunday, and they all went to church. Archibel began to feel her heart beating with a strange flutter and her breath coming fast as she glanced at the Benningtons' pew to see if anyone

came into it—it remained quite empty until the end of the service.

"He has gone away," she thought, and she felt as if the light had gone out of her life.

Perhaps after all she had done wrong—perhaps he was hurt at her not going to be painted; perhaps he had gone to the show on purpose to meet her and ask for an explanation; perhaps, when he saw she was not there, he had concluded she had gone away from Ashlands.

If she had only been determined, and had gone that first day, everything might have been different.

James Brown came out of church beside her as if he were taking his natural place; but she felt quite a strong repugnance for him to-day, and could not bear that he should speak to her.

She kept beside aunt Rachel, and, though he walked on the other side, she would not talk.

"How could I have thought him nice for a moment," she said to herself. "He is positively dumpy; and why does he wear that kind of coat on Sundays? He looked almost like a gentleman in his weekday coat; he could not look like a knight or a hero, but he could very easily look like a shop-boy."

Her aunts, looking upon Sunday as a day of rest, invariably retired to their rooms and slept soundly through the afternoon hours.

Jenny Brown yawned over a novel in the drawing-room, and Jim asked Archibel if she would not come out and walk in the fields.

She politely refused, as she went out alone.

He had hardly left the house before she repented, for the country looked fair and tempting.

She watched Jim's retreating figure, and, when he was quite out of sight, she put on her hat and went out and over the lawn in the opposite direction.

The opposite direction happened to be the Milham woods.

"There is nowhere else to go," she told herself; "I cannot stay out in the sun, and, if I go towards the farm, I shall meet that tiresome Mr. Brown. There is no one to meet in the woods."

Between the trees she could catch glimpses now and then of Milham Hall, with its shuttered windows and its bare flagstaff; there was a melancholy pleasure in this utter loneliness.

The wood seemed full of memories. Archibel went to find the very spot where she had seen Thorold painting; and then she looked about for the holes his easel had made in the ground.

Milham was shut up, and Oswin was probably far away, still her heart beat very fast, and she started at every rustle of a falling leaf.

Presently she looked up from the ground to find Oswin Thorold standing before her.

She had not heard his soft footsteps, so intent had she been on her search, and she had made so much rustle among last year's leaves that lay brown and dry on the ground.

She was startled and confused as her eyes fell upon him.

He was wearing a dark-green velvet coat, and had such a tiny velvet cap on his head that she could hardly see it for the aureole of golden curls that stood out all round it.

"Have you lost something?" he questioned, with his sweet smile.

She scrambled to her feet, her face crimson with anger and shame.

"What are you doing here?" she asked confusedly.

"Am I trespassing?" he asked, somewhat surprised.

"I thought you had gone away," she said haughtily, so anxious to excuse herself for coming to the wood that she forgot how she was betraying the interest she had been taking in his movements. "You were not at church, and the Hall is shut up."

"My side of the Hall is not shut up," he responded; "and I never go to a church except to study the architecture. One cannot see the beauty of a building when it is full of people; besides, the congregation might be shocked if one walked about making sketches during service, though many of them would do it themselves in a foreign church as a matter of course. How awfully shocked you looked!"

"Are you not English?" she asked, with a puzzled look in her eyes.

"I was born in England, of English parents," he said; "but I consider myself to be of no particular nation or religion. My country is the whole world; my nationality, humanity; my religion the worship of the Beautiful, which was the religion of the old Greeks!"

There was only one clause in this speech which Archibel understood.

"Are you a heathen?" she asked, amazed. "Do you worship Jupiter and Juno?"

"I worship the Beautiful," he replied, smiling, "however it may be embodied. At this moment I find it embodied here."

Of all the knightly lovers of whom Archibel had ever read or dreamed, none had ever spoken more charmingly than this one.

There was no misunderstanding the language of his eyes, as he leaned against a tree with gracefully-folded arms and crossed legs, and looked at her with his radiant smile.

She was the Beautiful, and he worshipped her. What was there left in life to be desired more than this?

She stood with downcast eyes—pale, not blushing, so strong was her agitation; the sunbeam that stole through the tree above her, and made her hair look golden, gave the one touch of color wanting to her statuesque whiteness.

Oswin watched her with intense delight, believing his admiration was as purely innocent as if she had been a statue or a picture.

He never thought how he might harm her—how she might misunderstand his conduct; he merely spoke in the language of his school.

He had said the same things to a dozen other women, just as he had talked about a hundred works of art, and thought as little of what the effect of his words might be upon them.

If a girl was as lovely as a picture, why might he not admire her as if she were a picture? If she did not know of her own beauty, what a crime to keep the knowledge from her and rob her of her joy in it!

"Why did you not come to be painted?" he asked.

"I could not," she answered; she would not acknowledge that there was a day when she had come in vain.

"I must paint you!" he exclaimed. "Beauty is too precious to be hoarded up; it is meant for the joy of all the world. Will you come to-morrow?"

"I don't know," she said despairingly; "I must do as I am told."

"But tell your people that I am going to paint you, and that you must have time for it."

"Then I should certainly never be painted!"

He thought for a few moments, and then said—

"Surely you have some time to yourself. Can you come early in the morning—soon after sunrise?"

"I could come then," she answered hopefully.

"Then come to the Hermitage in the morning at six," he said: "it is as light as noon then. Don't come in that dress"—and he looked disparagingly at her smart Sunday frock—"the color is very well, but there are too many frills and bows—come in your plain white gown."

"It is very dirty," she returned; "and I have not another with me."

"The dirtier and limper the better. I shall paint you as a Lent lily, you know, with your golden head."

He stooped over her, lifted one of the tendrils of her hair and kissed it.

"Oh, you must not—you should not!" she cried, blushing and covering her face with her hands.

"Why not?" he laughed. "I thought you were so unsophisticated, so innocent as the flowers who let the wind kiss them."

"Hush!" she whispered. "I hear some one coming!"

"What of that?" he asked, very impatiently.

"It is Margaret and her young man!" Archibel said, as two figures appeared at the end of the long leafy arcade in which they were standing. "I must go!"

"Who is Margaret, and why should we not enjoy the wood as well as she?" he asked, trying to detain her.

"Good-bye," cried Archibel, wrenching herself away. "I'll come in the morning."

She then left him and disappeared in the wood. She did not believe the Ashlands cook had recognised her, so occupied was she with her young man.

"And what a young man!" though Archibel. "Fancy caring to walk in the wood with a creature like that, and to think him a lover! I wonder what those people find to say to each other, and what pleasure it can be to listen to them?"

Margaret's young man was certainly not telling her that he worshipped the Beautiful in her, but, to a commonplace, practical mind, his words might sound much more satisfactory, even much more full of meaning.

He was telling Margaret that his wages were going to be raised, and that she might give her mistress warning, for they could be married next month.

But then Archibel had not a practical mind, and it was enough, and more than enough, to be worshipped—what could man give or woman wish for more than that?

And, though it was very wrong, how sweet and tender and chivalrous it was of him to kiss her hair.

There was such delicate homage in the action, none of the coarseness there would have been in a common kind of kiss.

On reaching home she went to her room; she dared not face the family circle until the consciousness of her recent experience had somewhat worn off.

She even felt as if something in her appearance might tell tales—as if that kiss had left a luminous track behind it or some echo of his musical voice might linger in the rustle of her dress.

She would fain have sat there by her window that looked towards Milham until the night fell and hid the irregular outline of roof that peeped over the trees, and then until the dawn lighted up the sky, and told her it was nearly time to go out to meet her lover.

But only too soon aunt Rachel sent for her, and she was obliged to leave her pleasant dreams and go downstairs to the stern realities of life as represented by the two old ladies and their guests.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Archibel awoke with the lark, and stealthily went to her wardrobe to get out her plain white dress.

She was very anxious lest it should be dirtier and more tumbled than was required for artistic purposes—it really had looked quite shocking yesterday morning, when she hung it there.

On opening the wardrobe she was annoyed to find that her dress was not there.

"They had taken it away on purpose!" she thought; and she sat down with a heavy heart, and gazed at the bare peg.

But time was getting on; it was of no use hunting for the dress, for she remembered at last that it must have been sent to the laundry.

She therefore decided to put on another; and, if he did not like it, surely he could imagine it to be a white one and paint it so.

She put on her white dressing-gown, and began to comb out her thick tangle of tawny hair.

"White is nicer than anything else," she thought sadly. Then she arrayed herself in a clean pink print, the only thing she dared be seen returning in, and set off for the Hermitage.

It was a crisp bright morning, with a touch of coming autumn in the air that chilled her thinly-covered shoulders.

She paused; she dared not go to her room again for a wrap, lest she should make too much noise or meet some one. She went back through the side-door from which she had emerged, and fortunately saw a white shawl hanging in the hall.

She snatched it from its peg and wrapped it round her, and then set off again.

Oswin, to her intense relief, was waiting for her. She quite expected that this expedition would result only in failure, like the other; but her heart sank within he received her, not with a lover-like, but with an impatient frown.

"I cannot possibly paint you in such a dress as that!" he said, quite rudely. "I told you to wear white."

"My white one is in the hands of the laundress," she returned, ready to cry with annoyance and pain at his abrupt reception of her.

"And had you no other gown of white?"

"No; can you not make believe that this is a white one? You need not paint it pink."

"I cannot paint while it is within sight; it jars upon all my senses!" he said peevishly. "The hue is atrocious; it puts out all the color in your face, and makes your hair look scarlet!"

Archibel had never been spoken to so rudely in her life; she forgot that, if she were to be treated as a picture that could not hear and feel, she must bear adverse outspoken criticism as well as enthusiastic admiration. Her eyes filled with tears and her lips quivered.

"Then it is of no use my staying," she responded somewhat angrily. "I cannot get my white dress for a week at least. I think you are very rude!"

"I shall not be here a week longer," he said, considering. Then he took up the shawl. "Look here," he went on suddenly—"don't cry, you will make your eyes red! Something might be done with this;" and he went up to her and tried to drape it about her shoulders.

Having done it to his satisfaction, he began to sketch Archibel; but the process was not by any means enjoyable, as far as the model was concerned; she was so cold she could hardly stand, but she tried to bear it like a martyr.

It was very dull too, for Oswin was drawing too busily to talk. She dared not complain, but she felt glad when her teeth chattered, thinking that he would take notice of her sufferings; but he did not.

At last he released her.

"This will be the picture of next season," he exclaimed delightedly. "All the world will ring with it. I have found exactly what I wanted. You will be here to-morrow—you must be here. Nothing must prevent you."

He stood looking at her in his appreciately-admiring way, that would have been critical had it been less supremely satisfied.

He was in a good humor with his picture, and could bask in the sunshine of æsthetic delight once more.

"How strange it is to think," he said, "how one mortal is sent by what seems like chance to supply the need of another! I wanted a model such as Botticelli painted from; you come to me as if from heaven. For me you have no name or place in the material world. I do not know your name or your people or your age or your position in society. You may be a princess or a peasant. In a few days you will have fulfilled the end of your creation; I shall have made you immortal on canvas. I shall probably never again see you in the flesh, but I shall have the picture for a while, and the memory for ever."

Archibel was quite aghast at this speech. Never to see him again after a few days! The idea was too overwhelming.

Exquisite as was the fancy that she had come to him like an angel, it must be dismissed—he must understand that she was not an airy nothing, and he must be correctly informed as to her local habitation and her name.

It was charming to be a possible princess, but he must know that she was certainly not a peasant, but a lady of ancient lineage and substantial territorial possessions.

In spite of her romance and her ignorance of the world, she felt that the heiress of Castle Kechnie would be treated with a reverence more real and enduring than would an apparition or a professional model.

The blood of the McKechnies was stirred; and Highland blood has even more of pride in it than of romance.

"My name," she began quickly.

"Oh, do not tell me!" he interrupted, holding out entreating hands. "Be my 'Lent Lily,' and no more. That is your name—the name that best suits you."

This was all very delightful; but, if the end of it was to be that she was never to see him again, a little less sublimity might be desirable.

She could not thrust her name upon him, but she felt hurt and angry that it should be slighted by this lack of curiosity about it. She moved towards the door of the Hermitage with great dignity.

"Good morning," she said; "I am afraid I am late."

"Are you offended?" he asked, laughing, but coming up to her—he was afraid she might not return, and his heart was set upon his picture; also he liked admiration—it was the very breath of his life, and he could not bear that any one should carry away an impression of him that was not all sweetness and gladness. "Don't be cross!" he went on, taking her hand gently in his.

But not only was the McKechnie blood up, but her drawing womanhood was touched with a sense of injury.

She had found a hero, an artist, a poet, a knight, but it was a knight who seemed ready to love and ride away. She knew that she had stooped, and believed that she had stooped in vain.

"I am not cross," she replied, drawing her hand away, "but I am tired and cold. I think you are mistaken about me. You seem to take me for a little girl or a cottager. I have done wrong in permitting this acquaintance to continue, and I am not coming any more."

"Oh, forgive me!" he whispered; and her foolish little heart began to beat again, as if it were not fierce Highland blood that filled it after all. "You quite misunderstand; it was only because I wanted to keep the story of our friendship so free from everything gross and prosaic that I did not let you tell me your name. My 'Lent Lily' you are and always will be; it is nothing to me how you are known to the common herd. Perhaps I do know something. You are of Scotch blood, and your home is a very comfortable but very inartistic one at Ashlands."

"Oh, no, Ashlands is not my home!" she corrected eagerly. "I have a beautiful home all my own—a castle beside a Scotch loch; but they will not let me live there. They keep me like a prisoner in that ugly house."

"A prisoner! But you must be set free. I cannot allow cruel captivity. I look upon you as belonging to me, and I must see that your fetters are struck off."

He was only talking nonsense to amuse her and himself too; he was too thoughtless to guess how his words might sound in her innocent ears. He was rather dismayed that flattered when he felt her tremble violently, and saw the color mantling her cheeks.

"You will come to-morrow at the same time," he said persuasively. "You must let nothing stop you—nothing. Promise me, my Lent Lily."

"I promise," she returned.

"You have not told me your other name."

"Archibel!"

"'Tis almost as pretty as the name I have given you. Now you may go, or you will be scolded; but remember that you are mine and not your aunts' chattel, and that you must keep your faith with me before any other consideration. I seal the compact thus;" and he stooped and kissed her brow.

Then she ran home, and on entering met Mrs. Thompson in the hall.

"Where have you been, Archibel?" she asked in such a severe tone that Archibel imagined for the moment that her aunt had found out everything.

"In the wood," she answered faintly. She hardly dared look at her aunt, or she would have seen that her countenance was more than severe.

An hour ago it was convulsed with horror, anger, and fear. Her maid had come to her with a story that nearly stunned her, though she tried to take refuge in incredulity.

One of the gardeners had passed the Hermitage, and, looking in at the little window, had seen Miss Lindsay in a white sheet, with a foreign-looking gentleman painting her portrait.

The story was received at first with indignant disbelief; then more evidence was produced—the evidence of Margaret the cook, who had seen Miss Lindsay with the queer-looking gentleman in the wood last night; also the fact that when the others went to the cattle-show, Miss Lindsay dressed herself all in her best, and sat in the drawing-room as if she were expecting somebody; also evidence that had come from a stable-boy that Miss Lindsay had been hiding in the bushes beside the Hermitage that same morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWENTY FOUR Swedish maidens, ranging in age from 19 to 25, arrived at Castle Garden lately, by the steamship Hecla. They came as first cabin passengers, and were put through the Garden as a mere matter of formality. When a young man called at the Garden and took one of the young women away, it was found that all had come out to this country under contracts to marry. Each contract was drawn up by an agency in New York. Four have found husbands in Brooklyn, and the others are to go West.

EVERYTHING that exceeds the bounds of moderation has an unstable foundation

TWILIGHT.

BY C. A. DAWSON.

Dream-hallowed hour! when drifting dusk and shade
Roll from the dying glory of the west;
And shadows woven in the caverned breast
Of yonder beacon, lengthen down the glade!
From beck and mere the mirror'd glories fade;
And mother-souls, secure in fold and nest,
Gainer their sleepy murmurers into rest
Of yielded limbs and silence. Dimly arrayed
In dusk and silver of the night, and fair
With lily-stars, the daughter of the day—
Trails of the sunlight in her floating hair,
And tender gleam of reverie, in gray
Of limpid eyes—has borne our fevered care
For one brief hour of dream and shadow-away.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ISAAC DRAKE, landlord of "The Golden Fleece," in the village of Underhay, Gravelshire, stood at a certain side-door of his hostelry, and looked along the village High Street—a somewhat difficult feat for an ordinary man to accomplish in the circumstances perhaps, since the High Street ran parallel with the front entrance of "The Golden Fleece;" but Mr. Drake's right eye, having a slight cast in it, was admirably adapted for looking round corners.

Indeed the estimable old gentleman spent a good deal of his time in looking round corners, to the great discomfitment of the people behind them.

A slight cast in one eye has often a piquant and rather attractive effect; but it was not so in the case of Mr. Drake.

It gave the hard gray eye which it disfigured a sinister look—an unpleasant peculiarity that was accentuated by his manner, which wavered from sly cringing upon the one hand to gruff and open bullying upon the other.

The guests of "The Golden Fleece" were treated to the first; the second was, with true conjugal consideration, reserved for the benefit of Mrs. Drake.

As for the rest of Mr. Drake's personality, he was a tall, gaunt, stooping old man, thin to weazenness, and without a sign of what is supposed to be the true landlord jollity, the only trace of the orthodox sunface which his grim and sour visage presented being a large hooked nose, the tint of which varied from a lively scarlet to a glowing purple.

This nose taken into consideration, it was a rather strange circumstance that no one in Underhay could recollect ever having seen Mr. Drake "the worse" for his potations.

This, then, was Isaac Drake, as he stood at the side-door of "The Golden Fleece" and looked obliquely down the High Street.

It was a windy, gusty day in early October, and the sign-board swung and creaked dismally over his head—a sign-board with the representation of a gentleman embroidered stockings, a kilt, and a Christmas pantomime helmet, in the act of hammering to a tree what looked like a very mangy fur hearthrug, overlooked by a lady of classical appearance who was artistically draped in what appeared to be a counterpane.

A fearful and wonderful piece of work was this sign board.

No one understood it less or admired it more than its surely possessor.

His white apron flapped in the breeze as he smoked and looked up and down the High Street and across the paddock, and frowned and scowled more with every passing minute.

Finally, he looked over his shoulder down the passage, and bawled—

"Mother!"

"Yes, Isaac!" piped Mrs. Drake in reply: and that much-tried woman emerged from the sitting-room, a half-darned sock pulled over her hand.

A mild, meek, pretty, pink-and-white, gentle old lady she was; had she been otherwise, her lord would have known better than to accost her in that style.

"What's gone with that gal?" demanded the landlord of "The Golden Fleece" loudly.

"Sally, do you mean?" asked Mrs. Drake quaveringly.

"Sally, do I mean?" snarled her husband. "No, Sally I don't mean! What have I got to do with Sally, or Sally with me? No; where's Huldah? That's what I want to know?"

"She's gone out," said Mrs. Drake very mildly.

"Now bless and save the woman," exclaimed Isaac, with an exasperated flourish of his pipe, and glaring upon his wife as if he mentally reversed this benevolent wish, "don't I know that? Don't I know it? I ask. Haven't I been for a good half an hour calling for her? Haven't I looked into every room in the house for her? Out! Where's she gone? That's what I'll thank you to tell me!"

"She hasn't gone anywhere," Mrs. Drake was beginning hastily, when, seeing the rising wrath in her husband's eyes, she added falteringly, "that is, nowhere in particular, Isaac. She asked to go out after dinner; and there's small good in keeping the child in when there's naught for her to do. She's down the village, I expect, somewhere."

"You expect!" sneered Mr. Drake savagely. "Yes, not a doubt you do; and maybe, since you are so smart, you can tell me where Mr. Ryder is? Out too? Aye; and, wherever he is, Huldah isn't far away from him, I expect! And now we know what we both expect, and much good may you get out of it!"

"Oh, Isaac," gasped Mrs. Drake, with a bewildered stare; and then she began to cry. "You can't—you don't mean," she sobbed, "to hint anything against the poor child?"

"What I mean is my look-out!" retorted Isaac grimly. "But you mark my words, mother, though it's not the first time I've said 'em—that gal'll come to no good! No, she won't, our own granddaughter she is! To do as her mother did 'ud be bad enough—running off with and marrying a broken-down gentleman with never a penny to bless himself with, who deserts her afterwards, and leaves her to come home here and die and leave us my gentleman's child to take of; but——"

"Oh, how can you find it in your heart to say such things, Isaac!" sobbed Mrs. Drake reproachfully. "How can you, hard as you are—and well do I know it—find it in your heart to say such things about poor Maggie's husband? He never deserted her. You know that he was always kind to her, and that she'd never hear so much as a syllable against him to the day she died, poor broken-hearted child! And you know that he went away because he thought he could do better abroad than here, and that he sent her money again and again; and, when he left off sending, you know as well as I do that it must have been because the poor fellow was dead. Have we had as much as a line from him ever since?"

"Humph," grunted Mr. Drake morosely—"a pretty reasoner you are, I don't think. No; we haven't heard from him so much as a line for—how long is it? Pretty nigh on to eight years; and fine and free he is out there yonder at Brisbane, or wherever the place is, you may take your oath, with another wife and half a dozen children, ten to one. But to go back to what I was a-saying, mother—you look after Huldah a little better than what you have been doing, or she'll come to worse than her own mother. Maggie ran away and got married; if you don't look out, you'll have Huldah doing the running away part without t'other."

"If you say that—and I say it's fair shameful of you to say it, Isaac!" cried Mrs. Drake, bridling up with kindling spirit—"if you've got the heart to talk so about poor Maggie's child, your own granddaughter, I say it's your business to put a stop to it. If you think that Mr. Ryder's making love to her on the sly—which I don't believe, for a nicer, pleasanter-spoken young gentleman I'm sure I never wish to have in the house—why don't you send him away? That's easy enough to do, I suppose. "Why don't you?"

"Because I don't choose," retorted her husband angrily—"that's why! We're so rolling in money, ain't we, that we can afford to send away any one that's as free with his cash as what Mr. Ryder is? No; you just tell Huldah what I say, or I shall tell her myself—and not be too soft about it either. I'm an honest man, and the people belonging to me have got to conduct themselves respectable, or I'll know the reason why. Modest gals don't get run after and run off with; it's your bold flaunting hussies. I won't have her carrying up his tray at dinner-time—you'll let Sally do it; and I won't have her running off out when he's out, and somehow coming back with him, or five minutes before him. Mark my words if she isn't back with him before an hour's over your head! The next move'll be that she'll not come back; and then it'll be 'Who'd ha' thought it?' I suppose. Hallo, what's to do there?"

There was a sound as of an arrival in the bar, and the landlord stepped gingerly down the passage and peeped through a half-glass door.

A gentleman in a felt hat and walking gaiters was unstrapping a knapsack from his shoulders and calling for a glass of ale. Isaac turned to his wife.

"Just stop your whispering now, so man! As like as not he's come to stop, and will be wanting some dinner. Just hurry now, and see what there is to give him in the house. And just you keep that gal well under your eye the minute she comes in—mind that."

And Mr. Drake bustled into the bar with an obsequious show of readiness, good temper, welcome, and civility.

"Good day, sir—glad to see you, I'm sure! What can we have the pleasure of ——"

"Oh, you're the landlord—eh?" interrupted the young man unceremoniously. "Why, you can draw me a glass of ale, please, for I've had a beastly dry and thirsty tramp of it. I say, this is 'The Golden Fleece,' isn't it?"

"It is, sir."

Mr. Drake glanced out at the sign of the Scotch Jason nailing the hearthrug to the tree, and then looked reproachfully at the guest.

"Oh, I thought so—thought I couldn't be mistaken!" said the young man, laughing. "How many miles do you call yourself from Spriggleston?"

"Well, it's ten miles, sir—good."

"Ten! Twenty, you mean! I ought to know, for I've just tramped it. I'll lay you a dollar it isn't an inch under eighteen—come now!"

The landlord indulged in a short, sour, ventriloquial laugh by way of reply, and stood still behind the bar with his oblique eye upon the young man, who laughed again, and went on leisurely with his glass of ale.

He looked as if laughing came easily to him, for there was something almost comical about his plain, freckled, good-tempered face, his blue eyes, his fair carefully-twisted moustache, and the thick crop of curly red hair which crisply surmounted his sunburnt forehead.

He was undeniably ugly; but there were many far better-looking men who made a less agreeable impression than Phil Townsend.

His bright blue eyes had laughed at the world for some six-and-twenty years, and had never got out of temper with it or hidden a bitter thought concerning it.

"I say, landlord"—and he put down his glass as he finished its contents—"I hope to goodness I haven't taken this blessed tramp for nothing! My friend is still here, I hope?"

"Your friend, sir?" echoed Isaac, with questioning blandness, mentally calling his guest an idiot for not speaking out plainly.

"Ay, Mr. James Ryder—he's here still, isn't he?"

"O', yes, sir, decidedly—certainly, sir! Mr. Ryder has been here now, sir, a little over a month."

"And what the mischief he finds to do here in this dead-alive hole of a place is more than I can make out!" muttered Phil, staring disparagingly across the Underhay High Street.

Mr. Drake heard him however, and answered the question.

"Mr. Ryder sketches and paints a good deal, sir. He's been out with his easel most days—indeed he's out just now, somewhere down by the river, I believe, sir. I can send a boy with you if you'd like to go out and find him, sir."

"Sketches, does he? That's the latest fad then! Jem in Arcadia is rather a joke, by Jove!"

He laughed again.

"What time does he usually turn up, landlord—eh?"

"Well, sir, it won't be more than another half-hour, I daresay; but you'll easily find Mr. Ryder if——"

"No, thanks—I'm dead-tired as it is. I'll stay here till he turns up. Show me his room, will you?"

Isaac, with outward readiness and inward ill-humor—for he did not like this off-hand young man—piloted him out of the bar, across a passage, and into a neat little sitting-room smelling of lavender and cigars.

Finding that his guest declined to order anything before dinner, he returned to the kitchen, and relieved his feelings by scolding Mrs. Drake.

The countenance of Mr. Drake in the bar and of Mr. Drake in the kitchen formed as good a study of contrasted facial expression as any physiognomist could possibly desire.

Phil Townsend strolled round the little room and lazily examined it. It was a dull, prim, neat little place enough, spotlessly curtained and lavishly anti-macassared.

A few letters, most of them torn open, were upon the mantel-piece.

One, directed in a pretty, somewhat feeble-looking feminine hand, he took up to look at more closely, and frowned when he put it down again, muttering—

"From her! I thought as much. Just my luck!"

Then he stood staring so absently at the novels, newspapers, and cigar-cases that littered the red cloth of the centre table that he did not see one of them. Presently he roused himself, and said briskly—

"Hallo—who's this?"

His eyes were fixed upon a roughly-finished unframed water-color which hung just where the best light from the window fell full upon it—a drawing which showed as little technical skill as a drawing well could; but it attracted and held Phil's blue eyes for all that.

It was a portrait apparently—the half-length picture of a girl muffled in a loose brown cloak, held under the chin with one hand, and with its brown hood, lined with faded red satin, drawn over the wearer's head.

It looked like a child's head, with the soft fair rings of hair curling over the white forehead, with the rosy rounded dimpled cheeks, the red pouting lips, and little daintily-cleft chin.

Only the eyes—dark-blue grave eyes—set under almost black brows, looked womanly.

There was a lurking smile in them which matched the expression of the childish charming face; but the owner of those eyes was no child.

Phil stared at the picture, with the bit of faded red satin making the golden hair look like a halo, and then slowly turned his eyes to the bottom of it.

In one corner two initials—"J. R."—were flourished boldly, and beneath, written in much the same characters, were the words, "Mother Hubbard."

"H'm!" said Phil, walking backwards from the picture and tugging at his short moustache as he scrutinised it still. "It strikes me I needn't have wondered so much what Jem found to do at Underhay."

CHAPTER II.

THE river at Underhay was as tortuous a little river as any one could wish to see. Its source was in a mountain tarn far away.

In its course it passed through the heart of a murky town, where wheels whirred and hammers thumped for ever, and where its pure sparkling waters grew muddy and defiled, like everything around them.

Then it flowed through devious and crooked ways until it reached a broad stretch of moorland, through which it meandered like a stream of liquid silver before taking yet another turn, which brought it by a little hamlet, where its tranquil shining course was again altered, and, by more windings and turnings, it found its way at last to the fair meadow-lands of Underhay, and, straying no more, flowed bright and straight towards the distant sea.

Many huge bulrushes grew upon the river's margin, their broad green lances glittering like an armed array, many slender quivering reeds, willows innumerable, some graceful, drooping, weeping, many more old and almost branchless, their trunks gnarled, twisted, and stunted.

Upon this same early October afternoon, while Isaac Drake smoked his pipe at the side-door of "The Golden Fleece" and fumed and grumbled, one of these willows was forming a picture in reality.

A portable easel was placed at a little distance, and the man seated on a camp-stool before it was transferring the tree to the paper before him—more quickly than skilfully, for of artistic merit the picture had next to none.

The lank-cheeked, handsome, dark-haired, black-eyed young man whose slender white fingers wielded the brush was merely an indifferent amateur.

He had wielded a pen in much the same way, and had got tired of it; he had tried music; he had taken the first steps necessary for reading for the Bar; he had had some thoughts of the Army; he might even have gone out to the Colonies—and come back again—if he had only had the money; he had not been without some ideas of the Church, but he had no influential relative or patron to present him with a comfortable living; the medical profession he might have thought of if he had not had such a rooted objection to anything and everything unpleasant.

He thoroughly believed that he was clever enough to succeed in any or all of these things, and entirely ignored the fact, which was sufficiently patent to others, that he had not perseverance enough to win success in anything.

Just now painting was his "fad," and he was "sticking to it" with, for him, wonderful pertinacity.

He was eight-and-twenty years old; he had never been out of debt since he was eighteen—for he had two hundred a year and regularly spent four; he had never done a day's work in his life or earn a sixpence; he was handsome, fascinating, intensely selfish, and utterly careless; he was blase, bored, and tired of everything and everybody except—for the time being—the girl at his side.

She stood by him, her slender figure hidden by the long folds of a brown cloak, in which its nymph-like grace was lost; but the quaint hood, with its bit of scarlet lining, had fallen back from her head, and the sharp wind was lifting the short ends of bright golden hair from her forehead and kissing the soft round cheeks into a brighter bloom.

She looked such a child, standing there, with her short skirts showing the slim ankles and little feet, which even her stout country shoes could not make ugly, and her small sun-browned hand holding her cloak together under well-shaped dimpled chin!

The blue eyes which were watching the white hand as it painted, presently wandered to the painter's face from beneath shyly-lowered lashes.

James Ryder, although perfectly conscious of it, did not look up at once.

He enjoyed this artless, innocent homage and adoration, and he thought the child-woman beside him the freshest little creature he had ever known.

"Well," he asked, looking up slowly and meeting the blue eyes, "do you like it, Mother Hubbard?"

It was his nickname for her, laughingly bestowed on his first day at "The Golden Fleece," when the sight of Huldah Brook's lovely little face and blue eyes peeping out of the hood of the old brown cloak had decided the young man to stay at Underhay, which he had just before mentally designated "a wretched hole," instead of pushing on to Spriggleston, where he was expected.

That face had kept him there for a month, almost to his own astonishment, and he was more charmed with it than ever; but he had grown almost sure that it was not necessary to stay there for it any longer.

Before his brilliant black eyes other eyes had dropped swiftly and shyly as did these blue ones; at the sound of his voice other lips had quivered as did these sweet childish ones; a blush such as that which rose in her cheeks he had seen often—too often.

Other women had loved James Ryder and his black eyes, and had lived to be sorry.

"Yes, I like it," said the girl slowly, looking with grave critical eyes at the picture—"I like all those old trees now. When I was younger, I remember, I was almost afraid of them—they looked so much as if they were alive and would spring at me. You have painted the crying one, Mr. Ryder; you ought to paint the laughing one now."

"Why, which is that?"

"There—over there! Don't you see?"—stretching out one of her hands; and he put

up one of his own and clasped hers, following her gaze.

"Oh, that old fellow! I see. They would make a good pair, wouldn't they? We will try him to-morrow if the weather keeps decent—shall we? What—are you going to run away?"

"Yes, please, Mr. Ryder, if you will let me go."

She made a faint, perfectly vain effort to release her fingers.

"Let go my hand, please! I—I shouldn't have come over here to you at all only you called me; and I promised grandmamma not to be long when I asked her to let me come out, and she'll scold me so!"

"You little puss! What do you tell such fibs for?"

He swung round upon his stool, still holding the little hand, and coolly enjoying her blushing confusion.

"You know grandmamma never scolds you. Are you sure you don't mean grandpapa?"

"Oh, he always does!"—shrugging her shoulders. "I don't mind much—I'm used to it."

She put her right hand upon the fingers that held her left, trying hard to unclasp them.

"Let me go, Mr. Ryder, please! He'll be so dreadfully angry if he sees me come in with you. He was yesterday, and said that, if I wasn't careful, he'd lock me up on bread-and-water!"

"Did he, though?"

Mr. Ryder gave a shrill involuntary whistle and smiled rather a queer little smile.

"An amiable old boy, truly! Never mind, little one; I'm going away directly, you know, so I don't think he'll lock you up for daring to talk to me. There—now you may run away!"

He had released her hand, but he had lightly kissed it first, with a half-jesting, half-earnest caress, perhaps not quite certain how she would take it.

The girl however did not attempt to run away—indeed he would have been greatly astonished if she had; she had started—he had felt that before he let her fingers go—started with a shiver; and now she stood looking at him with dilated incredulous eyes.

"You are going away!" she echoed slowly. "Do you mean it?"

"Mean it? Why, of course!" he replied, laughing. "Don't you think I have been very good to stay here for so long? Undershay is charming, but hardly the place to make a fortune in—and that's what I've got to do, you know. Such a poor unlucky dog as I am can't spend all his time idling."

"No—of course. I had forgotten."

She spoke in a low dreary tone, glancing away from him across the river, and a keen, half-contemptuous, triumphant smile parted his lips under the heavy black moustache.

"Yes, I had forgotten, Mr. Ryder—that's all. Of course you must go. When will it be? Soon?"

"The day after to-morrow, I think. We will just have one more day to sketch the old fellow over yonder—shall we?"

"No; I shan't come," she said quietly, and turned to move away.

She had striven hard to control her quavering voice and trembling lips, more with pitiful childish instinct than pride; but the keen black eyes had noted it.

He saw with cruel plainness that he might say at once what he had been so cleverly and warily paving the way to say. He had his arm about her in a moment, and turned the sweet blanched childish face up to his own.

"Won't you, Huldah? And you are cruel enough to run away now without even saying that you are sorry we must say good-bye the day after to-morrow! You are not quite so hard-hearted, are you, little one? I think you are sorry, darling."

He stooped and kissed the unresisting tremulous lips.

"Little Mother Hubbard, instead of staying here in this vile hole of a place where there are none but country bumpkins to look at your pretty face and only grandpapa's scoldings to listen to, don't you think it would be better to come away with me?"

"With you?" said the girl vaguely.

There was surprise in her face, and incredulous, wondering joy, but nothing more—no trace of doubt, no sign of resentment. She pushed him slightly from her.

"Away with you?" she quickly repeated. "Where?"

"Where?" he echoed lightly. "Why, to London—anywhere—even to Paris perhaps. What does it matter so long as we are together?"

"No, it wouldn't matter."

She shook her head absently.

"I wasn't thinking of that. Do you mean when you go the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes; why not? The sooner the better; we will run away without telling anybody. Will you, darling? You haven't said that you will yet."

"Yes, I'll come," she returned simply. "Of course I will, if you want me; and you do, don't you?"

Still with her little hand upon his breast, she stood staring up with perplexed eyes into the handsome face.

"But I don't understand," she said, with a frown, "why it must be so soon. I should like a little time to get ready."

"To buy some more cloaks?" he questioned jestingly, touching the scarlet-lined hood. "I'll buy all the finery you can want, little one, and the sweetest thing in Mother Hubberds in Bond Street."

"I wasn't thinking only of dresses."

She shook her head, and frowned again.

"Why do you say we must run away, and without anybody knowing? Of course I must tell grandmamma, mustn't I?"

"Good heavens—no!" cried Mr. Ryder, astonished beyond measure.

In his involuntary discomfiture he had even the grace to drop his eyes and color a little before her candid gaze, as he let her go and stepped a pace back, turning his head aside to hide the smile which he could not control and did not dare to let her see.

"Confound it!" he ejaculated mentally. "What a little fool the girl is! She understands no more than a baby! I thought she was taking it with uncommon coolness. By Jove, one may have too much of innocence, although it's a fine thing up to a certain point! I won't let her escape me—that's flat; but what the dickens can I say to her?"

"Did you say I mustn't tell grandmamma?" asked Huldah, stepping back in her turn, the hot childish color rising in her cheeks. "But I must," she said decisively; "I'll never go away without telling her."

Mr. Ryder heaved a sigh—a commiserating, compassionate sigh—and put his hand upon her shoulder caressingly.

"If you must, you obstinate little girl, you must; so do it with all my heart, and as fast as you please. But I thought you cared too much for Mrs. Drake to do anything of that sort."

"What do you mean?" demanded Huldah, with wide-open eyes. "I do love grandmamma; she's the only person I've had to love in the world since my mother died. I'd love grandpapa too if I could, but I can't," she added candidly. "I think it's very unkind of you—very unkind indeed—to speak as if I didn't care for her. What do you mean?"

"Mean!" he exclaimed, laughing. "It is plain enough, I should think. You are going to tell grandmamma. Very good; and so you certainly may, for me."

Constant practice had made this young man's lies run off his tongue rather glibly.

"What then? Why, grandmamma will tell grandpapa!"

"No, she won't"—Huldah shook her head—"not if I ask her, I mean."

"Won't she, little one?" said Mr. Ryder, shrugging his shoulders. "I rather doubt it. And, even if she should not until we are safely off, what will happen then? Don't you think she would lead a pretty life of it, poor old lady?"

"Oh, yes; grandpapa would never give her a single moment's peace!" cried Huldah, her blue eyes opening wide. "That's why I say it's so silly to keep it a secret at all. There isn't any reason why we should, you see. Grandpapa hates being deceived; and so do I too, I'm sure. That's the one thing I wouldn't forgive anybody. And he wouldn't mind my being married—I think he would be glad, for he's always complaining of the expense I am. And you are not poor really, you know, although you say you are. I am sure he wouldn't mind a bit. So you'll let me tell them both after all, won't you?" she concluded coaxingly.

The reply which trembled upon Mr. Ryder's tongue might have opened the innocent blue eyes in more ways than one had it ever passed his lips; but it did not.

He uttered instead a sharp exclamation of surprise, stooped down, and hastily kissed the scarlet lips, then pushed her lightly from him.

"We'll talk of this again, little one—to-morrow morning, say. Not a word to any one until then, mind! Promise!"

Not in the least comprehending the change in his manner, the girl glanced behind her.

A ruddy-haired young man in tweed tourist-clothes and gaiters was coming swiftly across the meadow towards them.

"Who is it?" she asked, astonished, and blushing as she remembered Mr. Ryder's audacious kiss. "Do you know him?"

"Confound him—yes!" replied Mr. Ryder frowning savagely. "Promise, Huldah," he said peremptorily—"not a word to any one before we have talked it over again!"

"Oh, yes; I'll promise that!" she agreed readily.

By this time Phil Townsend had come up, and was shaking hands with his friend, and looking askance at the pretty blushing girl in the old brown cloak.

Phil was an old-fashioned young man in some respects, and loved one woman so dearly that he respected all women for her sake.

He admired her beauty too, and he raised his hat politely to little Huldah, glancing questioningly at his friend.

"Miss Brook, my friend Mr. Townsend," said Mr. Ryder sourly, accepting the situation with a very bad grace; then he added to her indifferently, "Don't let us detain you, Miss Brook; I think you said you were in a hurry. I'll follow with my friend in a moment."

Huldah's blue eyes opened wide in artless wonder. "Miss Brook!" He had not called her so once before.

It had always been "Mother Hubbard"—the quaint nickname which she had got fond of because he had bestowed it upon her—before it had got sometimes to be "Huldah," and just now he had called her darling.

What could he mean by looking at her as if she were a stranger and speaking in that cold stiff way?

She was nearly certain too that the ugly young man with the red hair had seen him kiss her; and she would have innocently asked him outright what he meant by being so funny, as she childishly phrased it, if he had not looked so very angry.

As it was, she turned obediently and walked away, graceful, swift, erect, the scarlet-lined hood of the old cloak flapping back still, leaving her little fair head bare.

"What on earth brings you here?" demanded Mr. Ryder ungraciously, beginning to pack up his drawing paraphernalia hastily.

Never was man less glad to see a friend than he was; he heartily wished Phil, with his bright inquisitive eyes and blunt tongue, at the bottom of the river.

"I thought I'd come and hunt you up. In fact, they asked me to do so."

"Who are they, pray?"

"Mrs. Corolyn, if you are so particular," replied Phil, without loss of temper, although his eyebrows twitched expressively. "I've been staying at the Manor for a couple of days—expected to find you there, in fact—and they couldn't make out—I'm speaking of Miss Woodward as well now—what on earth it was that kept you here so long, only about ten miles away. So this morning I volunteered to tramp over and hunt you up. What has kept you, Jem? Awfully dead-and-alive hole of a place it seems to me!"

"Uncommonly obliged, I'm sure," said Mr. Ryder drily, ignoring the last part of his friend's speech. "It's rather a wonder that they didn't hunt me up themselves."

"Miss Woodward would have driven over, I've no doubt; but Mrs. Corolyn hasn't been exactly the thing, and she didn't like to leave her," replied Phil promptly. "I say, when are you going to leave here? Better come back with me to-night, hadn't you? They'll expect you."

"No," said the other very curtly; "I can't."

"To-morrow then? A day or so doesn't matter to me. My holiday has another week to run yet, and, if I overstay my time a bit, the governor will overlook it, like the old brick he is."

"I don't know when I shall leave here," said Ryder roughly, "when I choose, I suppose. Hang it, Townsend, what business is it of yours?"

"All right, old man, all right—simmer down!" responded Phil soothingly.

His expression changed, and a laugh lighted up his blue eyes. "By Jove, Jem, you must have a nice conscience to blaze out like that! I say, who is that girl?"

The slender figure in the brown cloak was climbing the stile between that field and the next.

There was no possibility of pretending not to know whom he meant, for Phil had turned and was looking straight towards her. Mr. Ryder scowled evilly upon his friend, and replied bluntly:

"The granddaughter of the people where I have been staying. Why?"

"Because I think she'd better go home to her grandma," said Phil drily, "that's why. Look here, Jem, I know you're always more or less attentive to the women; and, with the sort that it's give-and-take with, there's no great harm done perhaps, if you have a taste for making an ass of yourself, I haven't myself. But that little thing there is different, I'll wager."

"Is she?" queried Ryder, raising his black brows.

"Yes; I'll warrant she's as good as she's pretty, and as innocent as a baby, any one may see that with half an eye. And it's a shame, upon my word, Ryder, it's a most confounded shame of you to carry on with her! It would be a shame if there were no Agatha Woodward in the case; but, things being as they are, it's—bang it, it's rascally!" cried Phil, in a heat.

"What do you mean?" demanded the other savagely.

"Pooh! What do I mean?" retorted Phil. "What's the good of your playing innocent to me? What did you kiss her for?"

"Who says I did?"

"I do—I saw you!" said Townsend hotly.

Mr. James Ryder was carefully selecting a cigar from his case, and now he laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear boy, your heroics are rich!" he said airily. "You're as good as a Sunday-school book, by Jove! What, I ask you in Heaven's name, is a fellow to do if the women won't let him alone?"

"Pshaw!" cried Phil in disgust, stalking off with his head in the air and his doubled fists in his pockets, lest he might be tempted, as he phrased it, to punch the head of his companion.

Phil Townsend was not fond of Mr. Ryder; but, as is the case with many ill-assorted friendships, an unspoken-of something lay at the bottom of this one. The claim of Mr. Ryder to his friendship lay in the very simple fact that he was the cousin of a certain lady.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BENEATH me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of time, it flows amid the ruins of the past. I see myself therein, and know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life runs the stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps, out into the wide world, it bursts away, like a youth from the house of his fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavors, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain-passes. And at length in old age, it falters, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and through its grave passes into the great ocean, which is its eternity.

Scientific and Useful.

THE HANDY DRAWER.—Have a drawer or closet, easy of access from any part of the house, containg these things, and any other you think necessary: Arnica, vaseline, adhesive plaster, rolled bandages of different widths, old fine linen for mustard plasters, cotton, wool, and old linen handkerchiefs.

SILVER-WARE.—It is washing in luke-warm, often greasy water, and drying when cold, that gives silver-ware a dull, leaden appearance after a few days' use. It should be washed in clean hot water, and wiped at once on a soft, clean cloth, and it will keep so bright that it will not always need the weekly scouring which wears it away surely if imperceptibly. When tarnished it is only made bright by scouring off the corroded surface.

OIL-CLOTH.—The way to spoil oil-cloths is to wash them with hot water or soapsuds and have them half wiped. They will look very bright while wet, and very dingy and wet when dry, and soon crack and peel off. The way to have them look new and nice is to wash them off with a soft cloth in luke-warm water and wipe them dry. If you want them to look extra nice, when they are dry rub them over with a cloth dampened in a little milk.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONES.—A curious trial, which was designed to test the speed of the telegraph as against the telephone, was recently undertaken at a newspaper office in New York. The test was between New York and Boston, and lasted ten minutes. In this short period, Boston received three hundred and thirty words by telegraph ready for the printer; while at the same time three hundred and forty-six words were transmitted by telephone; but as many of the words sent by the latter instrument were incorrectly received, the telegraph was declared the victor.

THE PULVERIZER.—The Cyclone Pulverizer, as it is called, has the power of reducing to impalpable powder hardest substances brought within its reach. It seems that the inventors of this machine derived their original ideas of its structure from observing the great havoc caused in many parts of America by cyclone storms. It consist essentially of an iron box, in which two powerful cast-iron fans face one another, with a few inches between them. These fans are not more than a foot in diameter. They are caused to rotate in opposite directions at about two thousand revolutions per minute, air being admitted to them from two apertures behind each. In the space between these powerful blowers an artificial cyclone is created, and into this miniature storm the material to be pulverized is fed, with the curious result, that although it does not touch the iron blades—and this is proved by their freedom from all scratches or dents after months of work—the particles of the material are torn asunder and pulverised by attrition among themselves.

Farm and Garden.

TO MATURITY.—Not more than 50 per cent. of the chicks that are hatched are raised to maturity. Figure up and see how many millions of dollars poulterers lose annually by carelessness.

DIRT.—While the work can be done before the ground freeze, a large supply of dry dirt should be stowed for winter use. It is an excellent absorbent and deodorizer and is cheap. On the stable floors, in the pig-pens, and on damp places occupied by stock, it answers in place of more expensive materials.

STOCK AND FEED.—Poor stock and poor feed make poor manure, and good stock well fed will give us a rich manure. It costs no more to handle the one than the other; the stock that is well fed and properly cared for will return the best profit and give a better quality of manure to add to the fertility of the soil.

CIRCULATION OF AIR.—In storing apples a free circulation of air through the barrel will be of advantage. The fruit should be kept in a cool place, but should be beyond the reach of frost. Only sound apples should be used, as the slightest touch of decay on a single apple will sometimes cause the whole to rot.

MUCK.—Muck is a valuable absorbent, and contains in itself a proportion of plant food, but only in small quantity. It is not as serviceable if used when freshly dug as when it is exposed to the fresh air for a time. The proper mode of treating muck is to dig it up in the fall and let it remain exposed in order to permit the frost to pulverize it, and also to allow it to undergo a chemical change. When in a fine, dry condition it is superior to all other absorbents for use in the stalls and for saving the liquid manure.

OUTDOOR WORK.—The mending of the fences and repairing of the ditches and drains are usually laid aside, along with cutting the supply of wood, for winter employment; but, though this has been the custom in the past, yet it is doubtful if such work can be economically done in winter. Digging post-holes when the ground is frozen, and hauling wood over rough roads, or being caught with a load in a snow storm, are more laborious than doing the work in the fall, when the materials for building can be more easily procured and the work done in a shorter time. All the outdoor work should be done before the winter comes on. The winter will give ample employment with inside work.

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Of True Humility.

Humbleness is peculiar to Christianity. Goodness is admired and taught in all religions. But to be good, and feel that your good is nothing; to advance, and become more conscious of pollution; to ripen in all excellence, and like corn to bend the head when full of ripe bursting grain—that is true humility.

Humility, in the best and truest sense of the word, is a virtue with which the ancients, and more particularly the Romans, were totally unacquainted. They had not even a word in their language to describe it by.

The only word that seems to express it, "humilitas," signifies baseness, servility and meanness of spirit—a thing very different from true humility; and indeed this was the only idea they entertained of that virtue.

Everything that we call meek and humble, they considered as mean and contemptible. A haughty, imperious, overbearing temper, a high opinion of their own virtue and wisdom, a contempt of all other nations but their own, a quick sense and a keen resentment, not only of injuries but even of the slightest affronts—this was the favorite and predominant character among the Romans; and that gentleness of disposition, that low estimation of our own merits, that ready preference of others to ourselves, that fearfulness of giving offense, that abasement of ourselves which we call humility, they considered as the mark of a tame, abject and unmanly mind.

Humility is a sense of our absolute nothingness in the views of infinite greatness and excellence; but the sense of inferiority which results from the comparison of men with each other is often an unwelcome sentiment forced upon the mind, and may often rather embitter the temper than soften it.

In the face of this fact, however, a humble man is one who, thinking of himself neither more highly nor more lowly than he ought to think, passes a true judgment on his own character.

There is no genuine self-abasement apart from a lofty conception of our own destiny, powers and responsibilities; and one of the most excellent of human virtues is but poorly described by an abject carriage. Torpid passions, a languid temperament and a feeble nature may easily produce that false imitation of humility which, however, in its genuine state, will ever impart elevation to the soul and dignity to the demeanor.

Without humility religious progress is, at least, impossible. Pride is the destruction of the principle of progress; it whispers to us continually that we are already all that could be desired, or it points our attention to high positions and ambitious efforts beyond the scope of other men.

Now the true growth of the soul is not to be measured by our attempting many or extraordinary duties, but by our power of doing simple duties well; and humility, when it reigns in the soul, carries this principle into practice.

It may be thought that the social foes of humility are less powerful now than in bygone years; that good taste on this side, and the strong and strengthened current of freer life on that, have in this matter already done, or bid fair to do, the proper work of the gospel. But this is to forget that the essence of all true moral excellence lies not in external conformity to a conventional standard, but in an inward disposition under the control of recognized principle.

The formulas of good taste are merely an elegant translation of the common opinion of contemporary society.

The humility of good taste is strictly an affair of appropriate phrases, gestures, reserves, withdrawals; it is the result of a socially enforced conformity to an outward law.

The humility of social feeling is often a very vigorous form of pride, which is scarcely at pains to disguise its real character.

Humility, to be genuine, must be based on principle; and that principle is suggested by the apostle's question, which warns every human being that, be his wealth, his titles, his position, his name among men what they may, they afford no real ground for self-exaltation, because they are external to his real self, and are in fact bestowed on him from above.

DISEASE generally begins that equality which death completes; the distinctions which set one man so much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick-chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence.

A MINUTE analysis of life at once destroys that splendor which dazzles the imagination. Whatsoever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be easily traced back to the shambles and the dunghill; all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.

To live is not merely to breathe, it is to act; it is to make use of our organs, senses, faculties, of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of existence. The man who has lived longest is not the man who has counted most years, but he who has enjoyed life most. Such a one was buried a hundred years old, but he was dead from his birth. He would have gained by dying young; at least he would have lived till that time.

WE talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces; where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled and chilled.

I HAVE never tasted pleasures so true as those I have found in the study of books, in writing, or in music. The days that succeed brilliant entertainments are always melancholy, but those which follow days of study are delicious; we have gained something; we have acquired some new knowledge, and we recall the past day not only without disgust and without regret, but with consummate satisfaction.

POLITENESS is, in business, what stratagem is in war. It gives power to weakness, supplies great deficiencies, and overcomes the enemy with but little sacrifice of time and blood. It is invincible either in the attack or defense.

LIFE consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments. The greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption.

To make our reliance upon Providence both pious and rational, we should, in every great enterprise we take in hand, prepare all things with that care, diligence and activity as if there were no such thing as Providence for us to depend upon; and again, when we have done all this, we should as wholly and humbly rely upon it as if we had made no preparation at all.

TIME is a grim banker. He places so much to your credit on your entrance upon life's stage. After this you can not add to the deposit, but you are compelled to constantly decrease it. When it is all exhausted, your name is stricken from the books forever. Make the most of each day; it may be the last dollar to your credit in Time's bank.

SUCH is the condition of life, that something is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence; and great designs, which are defeated by inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert or motives to prompt them.

No man takes care to live well, but long, when yet it is in everybody's power to do the former, and in no man's to do the latter. We consume our lives in providing the very instruments of life, and govern ourselves still with a regard to the future, so that we do not properly live, but are about to live.

IT is remarkable that Providence has given us all things for our advantage near at hand; but iron, gold and silver, being both the instruments of blood and slaughter and the price of it, nature has hidden in the bowels of the earth.

IN a free and republican government you cannot restrain the voice of the multitude. Every man will speak as he thinks, or, more properly, without thinking, and consequently will judge of effects without attending to their causes.

ART is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity fleeting. To act is easy, to think is difficult; to act according to our thoughts is troublesome. Every beginning is agreeable; the threshold is the place of expectation.

THE richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence and fortitude. Prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, fortitude loses its name and nature.

DUTIES are ours; events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.

CONSTANT success shows us but one side of the world, for it surrounds us with flatterers who will tell us only our merits, and silences our enemies from whom we alone might learn our defects.

THE world is, to be sure, all out of sorts, and it ought to be turned upside down and emptied out, in all probability; but you can't help it by getting sour at everybody and every thing.

A SWEET spirit, like the scented flower, has a fragrance to cast upon the path of every one who passes by. It has also for itself a rare life of love that every one admires.

WITH the vulgar and the learned, names have great weight; the wise use a writ of inquiry into their legitimacy when they are advanced as authority.

IMITATION is born with us, but what we ought to imitate is not easily discovered.

The World's Happenings.

Thirty million trees have been planted in Kansas this year.

The Harbor Springs, Mich., wooden toothpick factory makes 1,200,000,000 picks a day.

Mrs Sarah Heald, of Chester, N. H., though 81 years old, cuts all her firewood and carries on, unassisted, a small farm.

An "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two feet, or a fall of about 100 tons to an acre of ground.

A trick of dishonest waiters is to slip a small coin of the customer's change under the bill of fare. If not noticed, it swells his tip; if the shortage is detected, why, there the coin is.

While the Savannah river was raging at Augusta the other day a man was almost drowned while trying to swim to a house with bread tied above his head for the relief of the inmates.

An interesting feature of the recent annual meeting of the Fat Men's Association at Glen Island, Conn., was a foot race between two members, weighing respectively 300 and 305 pounds.

Jacob Perkins, of Fort Scott, Kan., after endeavoring to alleviate the sufferings of a friend who had fallen down stairs and injured himself, fell down the same stairs, in the same manner, and was killed.

English farmers have turned against the sparrows as a pest to agriculture and are offering rewards for their destruction. It is asserted that these birds cause a loss to agricultural England of $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 per year.

The widows of four of our Presidents—Polk, Tyler, Grant and Garfield—are receiving Government pensions of $5000 a year each; while the widows of three Major Generals—Blair, Hancock and Logan—are each receiving $2000.

There is a Newfoundland dog in Baltimore that will go after beer the same as a boy, and will not put money for it in any other than the bartender's hand, but no amount of persuasion or force will make the animal share his master's liquor.

Melbourne Grubb, who lives near the town of Wytheville, Va., is said to weigh 210 pounds, though only 10 years old, and to measure 47 inches around the waist, 44 around the chest and 12 around the muscle of the arm. He is 5 feet 2 inches high.

At one time not very long ago buffalo swept over the Western plains in herds of countless numbers; now the killing of a solitary bull in Dakota is considered such an unusual occurrence that an account of it is telegraphed across the continent.

An unwise workman in a mill at Eaton Rapids, Mich., who selected a large machine belt as a sleeping spot, was ground to pieces, the machinery having been started by the owner of the mill, who was ignorant of the whereabouts of the unfortunate man.

A California company has been organized to manufacture soap out of a material that is skimmed from a boiling spring in that State. The substance hardens by exposure to the air, is like soft clay, and is supposed to be a mixture of borax, alkali and lubricating oil.

A Yankee has established a terrapin farm about 60 miles from Mobile. An inclosure of three acres in extent contains several ditches 100 feet in length and 10 feet in width, and these are filled with salt water by two canals. In these ditches about 30,000 turtles are domesticated.

While Jeremiah Haley, a blacksmith, of Westerly, R. I., was shoeing a horse, the animal caught its foot in a rent in Haley's leather apron, and in struggling to free itself, threw Haley upon the floor, tramping upon him and breaking his collar bone and badly cutting his head.

While a Tiffin, Ohio, resident was sleeping in a railroad station near there the telegraph operator painted stripes on his face with a paint used to mark boxes. The paint contained a powerful caustic, and ate into the unfortunate man's face, disfiguring him in a horrible manner. The operator has been arrested.

Little 6-year old Maud Haywood nearly met the fate of Ginevra at Greenpoint, L. I., the other day. When rescued from a big Saratoga trunk in which she had hidden she was almost suffocated. A spring lock had snapped when she stepped in the trunk to hide, and she was only discovered by accident.

At the recent meeting of the British Association the Professor of Pathology at Cambridge read a paper in which he claimed that "the slight pressure involved in wearing stays has a beneficial effect, and reasonable lacing increases mental and physical activity." Several medical gentlemen opposed this view, but a lady member defended it.

That we of the United States are a remarkable people for forming associations on the slightest provocation is proverbial, and the fact has fresh proof in the recent organization of the survivors of a Western railway accident. They propose to hold commemorative meetings yearly, and to aid worthy indigent members of the association.

On a recent Sunday Charles Bonner went into an Omaha barber shop and asked how much it cost to shave a dead man. On being told that $5 was the usual price, Bonner said: "Then I'll save my friends that expense by getting shaved now." He didn't look very much like dying; but, sure enough, they found him dead in bed the following morning.

A certain way to tell good paper money from bad is by means of two small blue silk threads, which run through the good bill lengthwise and which may be plainly seen by holding the note to the light. These are woven into the note by a secret process and have never yet been successfully counterfeited, the usual imitation being by a mark drawn across the paper."

A restaurant keeper in New York who charges 5 cents for a cup of hot water, explains that he was forced to do so by an increasing army of "customers," who bought 2 or 3 cents' worth of crullers, then called for the hot water, and made lemonade, using their own lemon juice and the restauranteur's sugar. And such people, he says, would generally appear about noon, to the great inconvenience of profitable customers.

UNREST.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Hadest thou no other place, Unrest,
In which to lodge except my breast?
Why didst thou choose so poor a spot?
Thou art not welcome. I would not
Have let thee in, had I but known
That when thou camest sweet peace had flown.
O get thee hence! Why will thou stay?
Why cling to me by night and day?
And, like the vampire that thou art,
Suck all the life blood from my heart?
Why wilt thou always be my guest,
Thou awful demon of Unrest?
O lives there not some mightier power
Before whose touch thou'lt learn to cower?
Thou Ruler of our destinies,
Have I not drained Life's bitter lees?
Will Thou not heed my one request
And drive away this deep unrest?

Eva Barrington.

BY MILES BARTON.

EVA BARRINGTON sat alone in her drawing-room, the advertisement sheet of the Times spread in front of her. A great desperate resolve was forming in her mind.

It was the close of a November day, and a November day in London may be fitly taken as the type of all that is sad and disconsolate in the world.

And yet her surroundings seemed to offer all that any human being could desire. The furniture was tasteful, and the whole appearance of the room seemed to show that its owner was well off, as far as this world's goods were concerned.

Eva Barrington was an orphan who had been left an independent income at her command.

Though perhaps not strictly handsome, she was attractive both in body and mind, and none who met could fail to be interested in her.

Since her parent's death, she had lived in London under the nominal charge of an old lady to whom she was sincerely attached, but whom she nevertheless teased and alarmed by her uncontrollable proceedings to the last degree.

Mrs. Mervyn often prophesied a dismal fate for Eva, unless she could learn to be submissive and humble-minded, but Eva had laughed at her warnings and disregarded her counsels.

Now, however, a blow had fallen that bade fair to change the whole character of Eva's life; in spite of her apparent prosperity, poverty stared her in the face.

Her money had all been invested in the house of business in which her uncle had been a partner, and now the firm had failed, and Eva, with the rest, was left penniless.

No wonder that her fair young face looked troubled and anxious as she tried to realize her position.

But a few days before she had been an heiress, courted by all. Now she was thrown upon the world a beggar.

Her lawyer had tried, in his pompous, fussy way, to make her understand that he should be glad to serve her in any way possible.

Eva bore with his compassion as long as she could; but when he intimated that, should she think of taking a situation as governess, he should be willing to give her a reference, she rose from her seat with great dignity, and bowed him from the room.

Mr. Whittaker shrugged his shoulders when he found himself in the street.

"Poor thing!" he muttered; "she'll soon come off her high horse. I shall have her begging me to help her before a month is over."

But, assured as Mr. Whittaker was in his own opinion, he had not quite taken the measure of Eva Barrington's character. It would have been far easier for her to starve than to humble herself before such a man, and yet her heart almost failed her as she thought of the future.

She had no relations to whom she could apply, and, though she had some friends who were not of the proverbial fair-weather sort, she could only go to them as a last resource. She naturally turned first to the idea of teaching; but, though she was intelligent and fond of reading, she could not think of one subject that she knew well enough to teach.

"And I hate sick-nursing," she thought; "and I could never master scientific dress-cutting; and I don't know enough arithmetic to be a clerk of any kind. What am I to do?"

It was a knotty point. Again and again she came back to the same query, but each time with no better result than the last.

It is true that there was one thought which crept into her mind, and sent a flush to her cheek and a light into her eye; but it was sternly repressed each time it arose.

There was one who would lay down his life for her, who would shield her from sorrow and care, if he had but the chance; but she had turned a deaf ear to his entreaties in the day of her prosperity, and how could she listen to him now?

Probably he would never hear of her misfortunes, for his regiment was abroad on foreign service, and even if she could she would not raise a finger to recall him.

Her cheek burned at the very thought, and, dismissing Captain Neville from her mind, she turned back to the Times' "Situations Vacant."

She read down the list, in a hopeless way. "Companions?" She could never bear to be tied to a cross old lady, to wash the lapdog, and feed the parrot. "Governesses?" No, teaching was out of the question. "Nursery Governess?" Well, she hated children, but still they would be better than a lapdog. "Parlor-maids?"

She stopped short. Why not? A gleam of fun illuminated the sadness of her face. "I could do it better than anything else, and I should enjoy the novelty of the thing."

She turned to the advertisement sheet with fresh energy. The great thing was to find a place as far away from London as possible, for it would be very awkward if she were to meet anyone she knew. Edinburgh? No, she had friends there. Truro? That might do, if other things suited. "A quiet family; three other servants kept."

She resolved to write and see came of it.

Poor Eva! The letter seemed very simple in theory, but she found it a task of hours instead of minutes.

To begin with, she must assume a name, for she would be discovered directly if she used her own. What should she choose? Fully half an-hour was spent in the selection, but finally she determined to call herself Ellen Brown.

It was simple, and by taking it she would retain her own initials. Having decided upon her name, she proceeded to write the letter.

It was so difficult to frame that she would have given it up in despair had not the happy thought struck her of copying from one of her own servant's application:—

"MADAM,—Having seen your advertisement in the Times of Tuesday, I beg to apply for your situation."

Here she came to a full stop, for the next sentence ran, "My late mistress will be glad to give me a character."

She had never remembered that a character would be indispensable; how could it be obtained? The difficulty seemed insuperable, but after a time a bright idea struck her. She had lived with Mrs. Mervyn for three years; Mrs. Mervyn should give her a character.

She did not wish to reveal the true nature of her situation even to her; she knew it would bring down a storm of opposition upon her head, but still the plan might be managed.

So she continued her letter: "Mrs. Mervyn of 10, Portman Square, will give me a character."

She could not think of anything else to say, so she began to fold up her letter, when she suddenly remembered that it would not do to write on such glossy paper.

She turned out her desk, but as she could find nothing suitable, she put on her walking things, and went out to buy some cheap stationery and a scratchy pen. The letter looked so extraordinary when it was finished that she felt ashamed that anyone should see it, and went out on a second expedition to post it.

"How tired you look, my dear!" said Mrs. Mervyn, tenderly, as she saw the weary air with which Eva leant her head against the cushions of her chair.

"I am rather tired, but I must get used to that now. I have been writing about a situation to-day."

"I cannot bear to hear you say that, Eva. You know that I would gladly share my little all with you. It would be very little, as you know; but such as it is, you are welcome to it."

"No, it would not be right," said Eva, gently, but firmly. "If you will only accept the home your niece offers you, you may be very comfortable. I am young, and it will not hurt me to work. But one favor I must ask you. If I have a request for a reference from the lady I have written to, will you give me one?"

"Why, of course I will; but what sort of a situation is it?"

"I do not quite know what my duties will be yet," said Eva.

Mrs. Mervyn asked no more. Two or three days passed, and nothing was heard from Truro; but at last Mrs. Mervyn appeared one morning with a very troubled face.

"My dear," she began, as soon as Eva entered the room, "I have had such an extraordinary letter."

She held it out as she spoke, and Eva seized it eagerly, and read as follows:—

"DEAR MADAM,—Ellen Brown, who has applied for my situation, tells me that I may write to you about her. I shall be much obliged if you will kindly let me know whether she is honest and obedient, diligent in her work, and neat in her person. We are quiet people, and do not want a flighty London girl in our house. I shall be obliged if you will let me know as soon as possible.—Yours truly,

"MARIANNE ETHRIDGE.

"P. S.—I shall be glad if you will tell me her age, as I never trust girls upon that point."

"Who is Ellen Brown, my dear?" asked Mrs. Mervyn, distractedly, as Eva handed her back the letter; "I never heard of such a person before."

"I hope you will not despise me for being so silly," said Eva, with a blush, "but I could not quite humble my pride so far as to let my real name be known. Mrs. Ethridge is asking about me."

"About you! But what a horrid, impertinent creature she must be! How dare she ask whether you are neat in your person and strictly honest? I heard of such a thing, and shall write and tell her so."

"I hope you will do no such thing," said Eva, greatly alarmed. "You must remember that she has never seen me, or heard of me either, until she got my letter, and therefore she is naturally anxious to find out what sort of a person I am. I do not see anything impertinent in her letter myself."

Mrs. Mervyn could not agree. However, she did not like to worry Eva by saying any more, and as soon as breakfast was over set to work on her reply.

"I could not bear to speak of you as Ellen Brown," she said, as she brought the letter to Eva; "so I have only mentioned you as 'the person whom the lady inquires about.'"

"The only fault is that it is rather too glowing," said Eva, with a smile, as she read it. "However, I daresay it will do."

She was secretly very much relieved at the performance, for Mrs. Mervyn had kept almost exclusively to general terms, and had said nothing that could betray the true state of the case.

The letter was sent; and in a few days Eva received a reply from Mrs. Ethridge to say that she had decided to engage her, and wished her to be at Truro in a week's time.

Now that it had come to the point, Eva felt a decided lessening of her courage, but she was far too proud to give in; cost her what it might, she would carry her project through.

The week was fully taken up in preparations.

Some of the shopping had to be done privately; for though anyone might wear print dresses, caps and aprons would surely rouse Mrs. Mervyn's suspicions.

On the morning of her departure, she damped her curly hair and parted it straight down the middle, brushing it closely to her head. This, with the plain black dress and bonnet which she assumed, altered her so completely that Mrs. Mervyn hardly knew her.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "what have you done to yourself? I am sure there was no need to make yourself look such a fright."

"I am sorry I am a fright!" said Eva, ruefully.

"Well, I don't mean a fright exactly, you never could look that; but when I think of your lovely hair, I cannot bear to see it all plastered down like that."

"Mrs. Etheridge won't know that my hair was ever different, so it won't matter to her. But now, dear Mrs. Mervyn, I must be going."

The parting between the two was very sad, for a real tie of affection had been formed between them.

Mrs. Mervyn had agreed to take charge of all Eva's cherished possessions for the present, but the furniture was to be sold with the house.

Eva had taken but little luggage with her, one trunk and a bonnet-box contained all her moderate outfit, and she felt a sort of relief as she thought of the endless bags and packages with which her journeys were usually encumbered.

The journey itself had a spice of romance; to travel in a third class carriage with no attendant was as amusing as a comedy, and she sat in her quiet corner watching her companions with the greatest interest.

The journey was quite uneventful, and Eva employed herself in endless speculations about her future life; the only beings she really dreaded were her fellow-servants. How was she to behave to them, and how would they behave to her?

It was nearly dark when she reached Truro, and she felt very tired as she followed the porter who wheeled her box to Mrs. Ethridge's house.

"The back door," said Eva, hastily, as the man prepared to pull up at the front entrance.

"Back door, Miss?" said the man, with a puzzled face, evidently thinking that there must be some mistake somewhere.

Eva felt rather alarmed at the insufficiency of her disguise. She had no time to think about it, however for the door opened in answer to the porter's ring, and she saw a stout person in the doorway.

"Oh! I suppose you're the new young woman," she said, in loud tones.

"Is this Mrs. Ethridge's?" said Eva, extremely at a loss how to reply.

"Yes; this is Mrs. Ethridge's. But why can't you give a person a civil answer, I should like to know?"

Eva felt inclined to ask the same question in her turn, but the porter interrupted them.

"Here, I can't stand jabbering here all night," he exclaimed. "Do you want this here trunk carried in or not?"

"To be sure we do," cried the cook; "so don't give us none of your nonsense."

Eva's heart sank within her. Was she to spend her days among such people as these?

She felt a strong desire to tell the porter to carry her box back to the station, and take the next train to London. However, having gone so far, her pride forbade her to give in.

"Lizzie, just call Mrs. Emmett, will you?" said the cook, as they entered the kitchen.

"Who is she, I wonder," thought Eva. She was not long left in doubt. A stately-looking old woman came at Lizzie's call.

"Ellen Brown?" she said.

Eva bowed, not knowing exactly whom she was addressing.

"Come to my room. I am the housekeeper," she said.

Eva followed obediently, and found herself in a small but comfortable room, with a bright fire, and a cat sleeping on the rug.

"Sit down, and have a cup of tea before you take your things off," said Mrs. Emmett, kindly.

Eva soon revived under the influence of the tea, and began to look about her with interest.

"Mrs. Ethridge is a great invalid, as I daresay she told you," said the housekeeper. "I do most of the waiting upon her, but you will have to help me a little. There are only two young ladies, and hardly any company kept, so you won't have a hard place, which you don't look as though you had been used to."

She paused, evidently expecting a reply, so Eva remarked that she was stronger than she looked.

"Well, I always notice that Londoners are rather sallow-faced things. You'll have a better color when you've been here a few months."

"A sallow-faced thing!" Eva could not repress a smile, as she thought of somebody's indignation when she had been called pale, and the lines of the poet which he had afterwards shown her:—

"Her face, oh! call it fair, not pale."

Well, she was not even pale now, but sallow!

"You'd better take your things off now, I think, for it is nearly 6 o'clock. Mrs. Ethridge will like to see you before she has her dinner."

One of Eva's greatest fears had been that she would have to share her room with a fellow-servant, and her relief was proportionate when she found that she was to have a little room to herself.

"Cook always had this room," said Mrs. Emmett, as she opened the door; "but Lizzie said she wouldn't have a stranger in her room, so she made cook change before you came."

This was delightful news, and there was something equally good to come.

"I daresay you won't mind having your meals with me," Mrs. Emmett went on. "The parlormaid and I always have to have them a different time from the others, because of Mrs. Ethridge. Esther, the last maid, didn't like it much; she was always complaining that the place was dull. That was why she left."

"I like to be quiet," said Eva.

"Well, that's a good thing. I hope we may suit. Come down to my room when you have got your cap and apron on."

"This is better than I could have expected," thought Eva, as she unpacked her box. "I believe that I may be very comfortable, if I can only get on with Mrs. Emmett."

She brushed her hair, put on her cap and apron, and went to the housekeeper's room, who took her upstairs at once.

Eva felt rather nervous as they entered. The room was only lighted by a shaded lamp, and she could at first hardly see the lady who lay upon the couch.

"I have brought Ellen Brown up to see you, ma'am," said Mrs. Emmett.

"Very inconsiderate of you, Emmett, just before dinner. Ask Miss Clara to speak to her."

The discontented tone revealed only too plainly the character of the invalid. Mrs. Emmett seemed quite accustomed to such receptions, and led Eva away without a word.

"Just wait a moment," she said, when they got outside. "I'll call Miss Clara."

A tall, healthy-looking girl, as complete a contrast to Mrs. Ethridge, as could be imagined, came out of the adjoining room as she spoke.

"Good evening," she said, pleasantly. "I have not time to talk to you now, but I am sure you must be tired after your long journey, so you had better rest in Mrs. Emmett's room, and let Lizzie wait at table."

Mrs. Emmett murmured something about "your mamma," which Eva could not catch; but Miss Clara only replied by a careless shrug of the shoulders, and hastened away.

And thus, in quiet solitude, ended Eva's first day in service.

* * * * * *

Eva had feared that she should oversleep herself next morning; but, on the contrary, she woke very early indeed. It was a long time before she could remember where she was.

The bare walls and sloping of the little room seemed strangely unfamiliar to her, and it was not until she caught sight of her box that she recalled the fact that she had come on a long journey which had altered the whole course of her life.

She rose and dressed with good courage, and found dusting the drawing-room not nearly so distasteful as she had expected. She had a natural taste for arranging furniture, and the drawing-room looked quite a different place after she had finished it.

She pulled the chairs into new positions, moved the books from their stiff precision, and managed somehow to throw an artistic look over the whole.

She was so pleased with her work that she quite forgot that she had the breakfast to set, and was startled by Mrs. Emmett's voice behind her.

"Not finished yet, Ellen! I am afraid you are sadly slow over your work."

"But see what an improvement I have made," said Eva, brightly, as she turned to the door, expecting to see an answering smile of approval from the housekeeper.

"Improvement! Whatever have you been doing? Dear, dear; mistress will be vexed. The room looks quite untidy with all the chairs set like that, and the table pulled out of the middle. Make haste and put it to rights, there's a good girl."

Eva was thunderstruck. The change for the better was so obvious that she could not understand how anyone could fail to see it.

She was going to argue the point, when she suddenly remembered her position, and meekly began to put everything back as she had found it.

"That's a good girl," said Mrs. Emmett, patronizingly. "Now get breakfast, or the young ladies will be down."

It was a new thing to Eva to find her suggestions not taken in good part. She had been accustomed to have her ideas eagerly copied by those around her, for there was no denying that she had a very cultivated taste, and perhaps her position as an heiress had something to do with the matter.

It was a hard lesson, and she felt inclined to take her revenge by setting the breakfast-table badly, but she restrained herself, and felt all the better for the effort.

Clara Ethridge and her sister Alice were two common-place but kind-hearted girls, self-willed, and accustomed to indulge their own fancies in spite of opposition. Mrs. Ethridge's ill-health was more real than they supposed, but she was of a nervous and hysterical temperament, and made herself far worse than she need have been.

"Oh, it's only one of mamma's fancies!" was a frequent speech.

Eva got on very well with her waiting, but she found great difficulty in not joining in conversation.

They made such frightful blunders, and it seemed such a pity not to set them right.

"I shall go and see the Academy when I go to London next week," said Clara.

"The Academy! What do you mean? It does not open till May."

"Oh! yes, it does. They have it at Burlington House; and I saw a long notice of pictures there in the newspaper the other day."

"That must be the Grosvenor. I know the Academy doesn't open till May."

They wrangled on for some time without coming to any conclusion, while Eva had to bite her tongue to keep herself from supplying the necessary information.

Having lived so long in London, moving in good society, and having access to all the newest books, she could hardly believe her ears when she heard the crude opinions and wonderful mistakes so confidently uttered by the two girls.

However, she managed to keep her comments to herself, and maintained a respectful manner.

Mrs. Ethridge took but little notice of her, beyond ordering her to get a plainer set of aprons, as she did not like to see a servant so dressed out.

Eva rebelled greatly in spirit, for her pretty aprons were the only things that reconciled her to her plain dress. However, she was beginning to learn that she must obey, and her aprons were consigned to the bottom of her box.

This lesson had been learnt through a good many trials and mistakes, of which one may serve as an example.

Clara was fond of needlework, and produced antimacassars and table-covers of striking and alarming designs.

Eva had hard work to refrain from burning them when she did the drawing-room; and one day, when Clara asked her condescendingly if she did not think a hideous chair-back that she had just finished was very pretty, she remarked that the design was not so bad, but the color was awful.

"Ellen," said Clara, "I think you forget yourself!"

A sharp reply was on Eva's lips, but she restrained herself, and, rushing up to her own room, locked the door, and indulged in a wild fit of passion.

She vowed that she could bear it no longer, and would throw up her place at a moment's notice and go back to London, and starve rather than endure such slavery.

But after a time calmer thoughts came. Of course her words must have seemed highly impertinent to Clara.

She tried to think how she should have felt if her own parlormaid had said such an outrageous thing to her, and came to the conclusion that she should have dismissed her on the spot.

Before she left her room, she made up her mind to go and beg Clara's pardon.

"I am very sorry I spoke so rudely to you this morning," she said, as she met Clara on the landing.

"I did not think of it again," said Clara, kindly; "for I knew you would be sorry for it afterwards."

And Eva felt grateful for her generosity.

But though she began to like the young ladies, despite their ignorance, she could not get on very well with Mrs. Emmett. The housekeeper was an old and trusted family servant, who looked upon her three mistresses as the most wonderful ladies in the universe.

She could not help seeing that Eva did not participate in her opinion, and she disliked her accordingly. Caustic remarks about young women aping their betters, and making themselves ridiculous by their fine airs, made Eva's blood boil again and again, and now and then she retorted with hasty words which left an uncomfortable sting behind.

On these occasions Mrs. Emmett would open an enormous leather-bound book that lay upon her little table, and ensconce herself behind it as a sort of defence.

Eva was immensely entertained by discovering that it was nothing more nor less than a "Johnson's Dictionary," which had been bequeathed her by her mother. Eva had a sort of idea that the words were bombshells which Mrs. Emmett was preparing to fling at her when occasion required; but the old lady always preserved a sad and impenetrable silence while she perused its pages, as though she were imbibing thoughts of the deepest wisdom.

"You seem to have a great admiration for the lexicographer," said Eva, mischievously, one day.

Mrs. Emmett looked up sternly. "He was one of the greatest and best men that ever walked this wicked world," she said, with a solemn air; "and young people only show their ignorance by calling him bad names."

This speech sent Eva out of the room in a sudden fit of choking.

"I always think Ellen has some story," she overheard Clara say, one day.

"Everyone has a story, I suppose," said Mrs. Ethridge, in indifferent tones.

"Yes, of course; but I mean something romantic."

"My dear child, don't be so silly."

"Well, anyway, we never had a parlormaid I liked half so well."

Serious difficulties were ahead, however. Eva could not but see that Mrs. Emmett treated her mistress in a most unwise manner, humoring her and indulging her to the greatest extent.

She often longed to speak, and one day, when Mrs. Ethridge had been more than usually tiresome, she told the housekeeper what she thought.

Upon this the vials of Mrs. Emmett's wrath exploded, and she told Eva pretty plainly that, unless she chose to behave better, she would have to go.

Eva said nothing at the time, but she made a private resolve that she would take Mrs. Emmett at her word, unless matters improved.

Only a day or two had passed however before something much more absorbing engrossed her mind. Captain Neville's regiment was ordered home. Eva knew that his first care on reaching England would be to seek her out, for he had told her that he should never rest until he had asked her again to be his wife.

A secret monitor in Eva's breast told her that she had done wrong to refuse him; but she would not allow it to speak. Her decision had been made once for all. She had warned him that she should never alter it, and now that she had descended from her position she was doubly resolved.

"Fancy how his relations would scorn me!" she thought. "No, it is too late now; I have chosen my lot, and I must abide by it."

She had ordered Mrs. Mervyn not to reveal her address to anyone, and she wrote again now to repeat her charge. She could not help watching the newspaper, however, to see the progress of his ship; and though she knew it could make no difference to her, she felt a thrill of pleasure when she saw that it had arrived safely in port.

She was waiting on the two young ladies at lunch a day or two afterwards, when her ear was caught by the sound of a name to which she could never be quite indifferent.

"Mamma seems quite delighted about Herbert."

"Yes; any little change rouses her."

Eva smiled at her own foolishness, and went out of the room to fetch something. When she came back she heard the same name again.

"Herbert says he shall be here to-morrow.'

"I wish he could stay more than one night.'

'So do I; but perhaps he will come again before long. Ought we to invite anyone to meet him?"

"Yes, I think we should; but I suppose we must consult mamma about that."

They rose from table at this point, and Eva was left to form all kinds of conjectures. She listened eagerly at dinner-time and all through the next day, but nothing was said that threw any light on the conversation. A day or two passed, and Eva came to the conclusion that "Herbert," whoever he might be, was not coming, when Clara came into her pantry one morning, and said—

"There will be three extra to dinner to-night, Ellen, and one of the gentlemen will stay the night."

She was gone before Eva could make any reply.

"What is the gentleman's name who is coming to-day?" she asked Mrs. Emmett next time she met her.

"Major Neville," said Mrs. Emmett, briefly.

Eva's pulses almost ceased beating.

"Has Mrs. Ethridge known him long?" she managed to ask.

"He's her cousin," said Mrs. Emmett, rather snappishly. "But I don't see what business it is of yours."

Eva said no more. Mrs. Ethridge's cousin! Then he must be forty or fifty at least.

She had never heard either that Captain Neville had got his promotion. Neville was not an uncommon name, and Herbert was a very common one.

How foolish she had been! No doubt he was old, and bald, and stout; and at the mental picture she had formed she smiled involuntarily.

And yet, after all, there was a chance that it might be true; and if it were, what should she do? Fancy his finding her a servant in his cousin's house!

With such thoughts as these in her mind, it was little wonder that Eva passed the whole of the day in a state of feverish excitement.

Major Neville was to arrive at 6; and as the hour drew near, she felt as though everyone must notice her agitation.

She went up to her room two or three times, to see if she did not look very extraordinary; but the only thing to be remarked was that she was paler than usual.

"He would never recognize me," she thought, as she scanned her reflection in the glass. Her smoothly-brushed hair, her pale cheeks, and her cap and apron disguised her even in her own eyes, and how much more would they not in his, who knew nothing of the change in her life, and had not seen her for at least three years.

At last 6 o'clock struck, and from her little window she could see a cab driving up to the house.

She could hardly breathe; but she would not let herself give way, for she knew that she must open the door. The cab turned in at the gate, and she went downstairs as fast as her failing feet would let her.

She did not dare to look as she opened the door. She was only aware of a tall figure with a military moustache.

"What is your fare?" he asked the cabman, in tones that sent a sudden thrill through heart.

She never forgot so long as she lived, the effort it cost her to announce in an ordinary tone at the drawing-room door, "Major Neville," and then retire, leaving the two girls to make their delightful exclamations of welcome.

And so the event so long dreaded and hoped for had really come upon her, and she must face her position as best she could.

She felt almost relieved that others would be there at dinner, although she scarcely knew how she was to enter the room.

She made up her mind that she would not look at him, and immediately broke her resolution by watching eagerly for him to come downstairs.

As soon as she heard his step, she retreated into the dining-room, that she might look at him unseen from that vantage-ground. He was browner, older-looking; but it was the same well-knit, active figure, the same keen, bright eye and firm step.

She shrank back a little further as he descended, when Clara's voice was heard calling her from the drawing-room, and she was obliged to come forward just as he reached the last stair.

Eva hardly knew what she expected, but she certainly did not expect to have his candle handed to her without a word or even a glance, and to stand respectfully aside while he passed into the drawing-room.

A sort of unreasoning anguish filled her heart. Surely, if he cared about her, he would have recognised her at the first moment; and yet there was nothing she dreaded so much as that he should recognize her.

It was the same throughout the evening. She hardly dared to look at him, and yet she longed to be in the same room. She felt utterly worn-out when bedtime came, and was thankful to lock her door and fling herself upon the bed and sob her heart out unseen.

She had imagined that she should be able to meet him unmoved, and let him go on his way again without regret; but now that she had seen him face to face, the old dead past suddenly rose to life, and she knew that her whole being was bound up in his. She cried herself to sleep at last; and when she woke next morning, her head was aching and her eyes heavy.

She thought at first that she would plead illness, and lie in bed until all fear of meeting him was gone, but even while she formed the resolution she knew that she could not keep it.

She rose hurriedly, and went down about her usual work. A sort of dull stupor had taken the place of the excitement of the previous evening, and she seemed almost as though unconscious of what was passing.

She felt a bitter sense of disappointment When Mrs. Ethridge sent for her in the course of the morning, and told her to go into the town on an errand.

Major Neville was to leave before luncheon, and it seemed too cruel to miss her last chance of seeing him. However, there was no help for it. She was only a servant, and she must obey.

She hurried on her things as quickly as she could, and resolved to get back before 12 o'clock, if it were within the bounds of human possibility.

Poor Eva! Everything conspired against her.

The silk she had to match could not be procured at the nearest shop, and she was obliged to go on, sorely against her will. 12 o'clock struck just as she turned her steps homewards, and she sauntered along with a heavy heart.

It was no use to hurry now, for he was to leave punctually at 12, that he might catch the express up to town. Well, she should see him go by in his cab, and then all would be over.

The thought had hardly passed through her mind when she caught sight of a figure in the distance that drove the blood to her heart with bewildering force. Could it be? Yes, it was.

She tried to compose her face to a cold and expressionless severity, but it was no use; the most she could do was to bend her eyes on the ground, and walk steadily forward. He came nearer; she dare not raise her eyes to his face, her heart beat so that she could hardly bear it. He passed.

A sound that was almost a sob escaped her, and she leant against the paling.

"Eva!" said a voice at her side.

She could not speak, but an instinctive impulse made her cover her face with her hands.

"Eva!" he said again, "how did you come here? Don't you know me?"

Eva recovered herself by a violent effort.

"You will lose your train, Major Neville, if you stay talking here."

"Lose my train! How do you know I am going away?"

"Miss Ethridge told me," said Eva, not seeing the force of his question.

"Do you know Miss Ethridge?"

"Of course I know her."

"But how? What are you doing here? Tell me."

The commanding tone sent a gleam of mischief into Eva's eyes.

"You will lose your train, Major Neville," she said again.

"Hang my train! As if I could care a farthing for that, now I see you again after all these years. Oh, Eva, how I longed for you!"

"I thought you had forgotten all about me," said Eva, not in the least because she had thought so, but because she did not know what to say.

"Forgotten you! You have been my one thought, my one hope. I was only afraid that you had forgotten me. Where have you been all this time? I was coming to see you in London this evening. That was why I was so anxious to catch the express; but I shan't go now."

"You must go, Major Neville," she said, gravely; "and I must not stay talking to you here."

"Why not? Who has any right to command your actions? What mystery are you hiding from me?"

"Mrs. Mervyn will tell you if you go and see her."

Major Neville's face paled.

"I might have known," he said, in a hoarse voice.

A sharp pang went through Eva's heart,

but she would not give way.

"I must go," she said, scarcely thinking of what she was saying; "Mrs. Ethridge will be so vexed."

Major Neville turned upon her like a flash of lightning.

"Do you mean to say," he began; but Eva interrupted him.

"Yes, I do mean it," she said desperately. "I have lost all my money, and am a beggar upon the face of the earth. I have taken a place as parlormaid. It was I who opened the door to you last night; it was I who waited on you at dinner. Now, good-bye, and forget all about me as soon as you can."

She turned as she spoke, and moved away; but in a moment her hand was caught in his.

"Eva," he exclaimed, "what are you thinking of? You shall not go until you have told me that you do not care about me. Say that, and I will leave you for ever."

Eva was silent. She could not tell a lie.

Major Neville waited patiently for his answer.

"I must go back," she said, at last.

"Not till you have told me that I am indifferent to you," said Major Neville, in exactly the same tone.

"I can quite say that," began Eva.

But she had no time for more. Her hands were taken in a strong but gentle grasp.

"Then there is no more for you to trouble about," he said. "You are mine, as I have been yours, ever since I saw you."

"But what can I do?" said Eva, when the tumult of feeling that his words called up had a little subsided.

"I will manage everything. Come with me."

"Would you like to go in first," he asked, as he approached the house, "and leave me to do all the explaining?"

Eva looked at him gratefully.

"How good you are!" she said.

She hurried upstairs, and waited with a beating heart. Half an hour passed—an hour.

What was happening? Would they turn her out into the street? But even in the midst of her agitation, she found rest in the thought, "He loves me. He will manage everything."

At last there came a knock at the door, and she heard Clara's voice—

"May I come in?"

"Come in," she said, faintly, hardly daring to look up.

Clara came straight up to her, and put her arm round her trembling form.

"Do come down," she said, simply. "We are dying to hear more of this delicious romance."

Eva had been grateful to Clara several times already in the course of their acquaintance, but she had never been so grateful as she was for these few words.

"I don't feel fit to sit in the drawing-room," she said, laughing, as she looked down at her dress.

"Oh! nonsense! Alice and I always said that you looked like a Princess in disguise."

There was no lack of conversation that evening.

Every detail of the story had to be discussed and re-discussed.

"The only sad part of it is that we must lose you so soon," said Clara. "Why will you not stay and be married from here?"

"No," said Eva; "I must go back to Mrs. Mervyn. But I shall never forget your kindness to me."

"What will Mrs. Emmett say?" suggested Alice.

"I have told her," said Clara; "and all she would say was, 'My dear, I knew it all along.'"

"How absurd!" said Eva.

"Well, you could not expect her to admit that her perceptions had been at fault," said Clara, laughing.

"I shall never wonder at anybody's perception being at fault," said Major Neville, as he said good-night to Eva. "My blindness pains me as much as she thought of all that you have had to undergo."

"That need not pain you," said Eva, with a smile. "I shall value your love all the more because of the lessons I have learnt while I have been a parlormaid."

WOMEN SMOKERS.—All Russians smoke cigarettes, and delight to hold a gallon of carbon in their lungs and then roll it out like steam from an escape-pipe. In Southern Russia and the Caucasus the women—matrons and even some unmarried ones—smoke almost as universally as the men. I have had, two or three times, nicely dressed ladies step up to me in a railroad station or on the platform and beg of me a light. I suppose this arose from my having had, from which a better light could be had than from the cigarette of another. In Northern Russia and at St. Petersburg I have seen but two women with cigarettes, and think they were travelers. I am told comparatively few there smoke.

THE pursuit even of the best things ought to be calm and tranquil.

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaparilla," "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

SHORT-LIVED GRIEF.

BEHOLD that apparently grief-stricken individual standing by the newly-made grave of his wife!

Witness his hypocritical whining! I, for one, have no patience with him.

I would bid him remember, ere he take a last look at the inanimate clay before him, the uncalled-for harshness and gross neglect that has often, in times past, called a tear to the eyes of the gentle being whom he now pretends to mourn.

He did not, for a moment, pause to consider her feelings when he, the one who vowed at the altar to cherish her through life, appeared indifferent to her welfare, and neglectful of her interests.

At first her tears flowed unrestrainedly; and a prayer ascended to heaven for strength and support in her many trials. At last, repeated instances of his neglect caused her to feel alone in the weary world, and life bereft of love is a burden. She felt the beautiful child-like trust that she had, in the first few months of her married life, reposed in her husband, gradually giving place to cold distrust. Weep she could not; tears that had formerly relieved her aching heart remained there still, but found no outlet; they were crushed back, kept down, until every channel for the bitterness to escape that was fast overflowing the flowers of affection was closed.

As he stands there, he does not see all this—does not recognise himself as the instrument that infused through her heart a poison as blighting in its effect as the breath of the deadly Upas.

We will look at him one short month after the burial of his wife.

He is standing before the mirror, giving the final touch to his pet moustache, thinking what a fine-looking specimen of humanity he is, and wondering why Julia did not better appreciate him, and why she appeared to grow less devoted to him each day she lived.

Why, my friend, did not his wife, who had but two years before come, a beautiful bride, to gladden his heart and home, at that moment appear to him, and give him the key to her heart, that he might mark the workings of that inner nature, see revealed its past sufferings, its strings crushed by neglect, and corroded by concentrated bitterness!

But no such revelation comes; and he sits revelling in fancies in which another Mrs. Knight figures rather conspicuously.

Each of his lady acquaintances, in turn, passes before his mind's eye, and he tries to fancy which he should like best to honor with an offer of his hand, of course religiously believing that he can obtain any one of them by the asking.

He again, after looking over the morning papers for a few minutes, sauntered towards the mirror, and viewed himself from the crown of his head to the toe of his glittering boot; and then, with a self-satisfied air, and an idea lodged in his pomatum-soaked brain, that any of the ladies might be proud of him for their liege lord, saturates his handkerchief with best cologne, draws on his exquisitely-fitting kids, and takes a stroll: meets Miss Lily, a beautiful blonde; looks as interestingly sad as possible, and with (as he flatters himself) a killing bow, passes on.

He reaches home just in time for dinner; while eating, wonders how Miss Lily would look presiding at his table.

After finishing his repast, he returns to the drawing-room.

Beneath a pile of books he notices Julia's journal; he takes it up and glances over the page last written.

Ho! has something the power to move him?

What wonder?

Listen to the wail of a broken heart:

"I am alone; and you, my journal, now the only one to whom I can pour out the grief of this sorrowing heart. O Stanley! I little thought when I stood a happy bride at the altar, that I was doomed to be a neglected wife; that my heart would ever feel this intense hunger for love—this craving for sympathy!

"But my time is short—life's sands are slowly ebbing away. So be it.

Perhaps Stanley may miss me when I am gone, and shed one tear over the sod that covers me. For that I could bless him—I bless him, even now."

A few tears follow, and the book is shut.

Another month and Stanley Knight is married, not to a sensitive, clinging nature like that of Julia's, but to one whom he better understands—a living termagant. Miss Lily is the favored one. M. H. H.

TURNING BOOK LEAVES.—Many persons not prevented from turning book leaves with a wet finger by fastidious refinement, will now, perhaps, pause from fear of microbes. The authorities of Dresden have been investigating the question whether circulating libraries are a medium for the spread of infectious diseases. They rubbed the dirtiest leaves of the books, first with a dry finger and then with a wet, microscopically examining the product in each case. In the first case scarcely any microbes were found on the finger; in the second case, plenty. Though all these appeared to be of a non-infectious character, the committee winds up with a recommendation not to wet the finger in the mouth for the purpose of turning over the leaves.

REGULATE the Regulator, by the use of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. 120 doses $1.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is a peculiarity with the men who won our independence that they began fighting early and kept up marrying late. Born in 1764, they did not leave this world until they lived out their three score and ten, and sometimes more than that; and before quitting, they married girls about 16 or 17, who now, at the age of 70, have discovered that they are entitled to pensions. It is probable that it will ten years yet before the last Revolutionary widow is heard from. As for those of the Mexican war, they will be turning up for the next fifty years. Sanitary science has done something to lengthen the term of life in this country, but our liberal pension laws have done much more.

There was a ball at Delray, Mich., a night or two ago and Mary Crawford was one of its belles. While dancing merrily through a quadrille Miss Mary fell over on the floor. She was carried to a sofa, where her fainting fit was found to have terminated fatally. The doctors discovered that Miss Crawford had been laced so tight that the blood-vessel beneath her stays had become congested and the exertion of dancing had produced a fatal lesion. The dancing season has not begun quite yet for the fashionable society of the larger cities, and the fatality at Delray may be fairly set down as the first of the season's awful warnings against the tight-lacing folly. The other awful warnings will follow in due time quite as usual.

There was a little smack of romance in the marriage lately of Joseph Weisenstein and Miss Bertha Prothero, of Springfield O. The groom is a well-known barber in town, and the bride is a talented young teacher in the Clifton street school building. Her people objected to the barber's attentions, but she encouraged it. One night the barber had a customer half shaved when his lady love appeared at the door. He excused himself to his customer, saying he would be back in a moment. Once on the sidewalk Bertha told Joe that she was ready and wanted to be married at once. Joe was only too glad of the chance, and, forgetting all about his customer, he went with his sweetheart to a minister and the twain were united. The couple took the ten o'clock train for Ashland, where he has relatives.

It is not generally known that the five-cent nickel coin of the United States currency is designed with special reference to its use as a unit of measurement or of weight by the decimal system but it is true. For some reason the metric system though its use has been legalized in this country, does not 'take' with the American people and it has not come into general use and perhaps never will. If ever it does, the usefulness of this coin will become at once apparent. It is exactly five grammes in weight and two centimetres in diameter. This is, of course, not an accident, and if there shall be any future change in our system of coinage, other convenient measurements and weights, according to the same system may very properly be adopted.

Even in the matter of duelling the ladies are emancipating themselves generally by fighting their battles themselves. On several recent occasions female duelling has been reported, the latest story of the kind coming from Cannes, where according to the correspondent of a Paris paper, two young ladies belonging to the higher class of society confronted each other with pistols in their hands, the conditions of the meeting being that the duel should continue until one of the fair principals was mortally wounded. The motive for their hatred was the unfortunate circumstance that they were both desperately in love with the same man, the result of the exchange of shots being that one, a girl of eighteen, was taken home with a bullet in her arm, whilst the other was mortally wounded in the chest.

SOME philosophers, in seeking for truth, to pay homage to her, have seen their own image and adored it instead.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, September 17, 1888.

The tide of Dress Goods surging into the store grows bigger and stronger every day. At every counter where stuffs for Fall and Winter wear belong there is the liveliest bustling and bustling.

42-INCH PLAID HABIT CLOTH, 50c! A QUALITY we never sold before under 75c. A good, substantial, well looking stuff. Think of it! Material for a stylish dress for $3. Yardsticks will be galloping here early enough.

A 36-inch good weight mixed Tricot at 25c. We sold one but a little better at 50c last season. These are new goods, without fault. They will be one of the sensations of the season.

Dress Trimmings of the new dress things are coming in with a rush from 10 to 25c. [illegible]

BY ODDS THE BEST BARGAIN IN BLANKETS NOW IN the 4 pound All-Wool at $4 a pair. 72x84 inches, $5 [illegible] A BATCH of cheapness then.

What we have done with the $4 II blanket we are trying to do with all correspondent to goods.

THE SEVENTH VOLUME OF BOOK NEWS BEGINS with the September number. Its prospects were never brighter. Encouragement from a quarter never lacking. Better, still better, is its motto, winnowing the golden grain from the chaff of all that is new in the book world. 30 cents a year. Send for sample copy.

WE ARE IN SHAPE TO PROMPTLY FIT UP CAMPAIGN Clubs of any faith or any size and at moderate cost. Hats, Caps, Helmets, Torches, Capes, Leggins, and all the little frills and fol-de-rols. Come or ask by letter for estimates.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A half teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing Complaints see our printed directions.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT THAT EVERY FAMILY KEEP A SUPPLY OF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Dysentery, Scarlet Fever, and other malignant diseases RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attack, and if seized with sickness quickly cure the patient.

A FAMILY NECESSITY.

SANTA FE, KAS., Aug. 25, '87.

DR. RADWAY & CO.:

Your valuable medicines are a necessity in our family, we entirely rely on the Ready Relief and Pills for what they are recommended, and they never fail to give satisfaction.

MRS. GEORGE LOHMILLER.

Malaria In All Its Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it [illegible] will every morning [illegible] twenty or thirty drops of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

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Dr. Radway & Co.: I have been using your medicines for the last twenty years, and in all cases of Chills and Fever I have never failed to cure. I never use anything but your READY RELIEF and PILLS.

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Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in Operation.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

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What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am selling your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills, and have recommended them above all pills and sell a great many of them, and have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all pills. Yours respectfully,

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Our Young Folks.

IN JAPAN.

BY E. M. W.

NOW for the land of bright colors, happy children, and many games.

It is the beginning of the third month, and every girl in Japan is looking forward with delight to a day which has long been expected, and has nearly come at last.

If you will walk with me down the principal streets of any town in the Mikado's Empire you will see that many of the shops are gay with dolls.

They are made of wood or enamelled clay, and are dressed in all sorts of fancy costumes. Court minstrels, the Mikado and his wife, nobles, soldiers, and many well-known persons in history or romance are represented by these gaily dressed puppets. Dolls, dolls, more dolls; we shall see, as we walk about, dolls are everywhere, and as though dolls must eat, drink and sleep as we do, you will see also whole sets of cooking utensils, plates and dishes travelling things, and furniture.

In fact, anything and everything that is necessary for Dolly's happiness may now be bought, for Dolly herself is queen of the festival which is approaching.

The third day of the third month has come at last, and the Feast of Dolls has begun.

As you may suppose, this day is specially devoted to the girls of Japan. It is, indeed, the greatest festival in the whole year for them; and that is why the shops have been so full of dolls for the last few days.

But all the dolls which are played with on this festive day are not new. Every respectable family in Japan has a number of these splendidly dressed images, and I will tell you how they get them.

Whenever a little girl is born a pair of *hina* or images are bought for her. She plays with them till she is grown up, then she puts them safely away until she is married.

When she goes to the home her husband has provided for her she takes her dolls along with her. By-and-by, when she has little girls of her own, the old dolls are brought out and new ones bought; and so the number goes on increasing from generation to generation.

Year after year the forefathers, fathers, and new-born dolls reign triumphant on the third day of the third month, while their girlish owners pass the festival in imitating grown-up life.

There is something very touching in the thought of the love for childish friends which makes the Japanese treasure up their dolls so carefully.

Now stand aside, girls, and make room for the boys to have a look at my panorama. Here is a picture which will suit them better than you perhaps.

The shops which two months before were full of dolls and their belongings are now transformed.

Soldiers, wrestlers, flags, guns, and all the necessaries of war are offered for sale; while figures of famous heroes and generals stand proudly amongst them.

The fifth day in the fifth month is the greatest day in the year for boys, as it is the Feast of the Flags, and every boy has a grand display of warlike toys, for a whole set was bought for him when he was born, besides which he has inherited those which were already in the family, just as his sister inherited her mother's dolls.

It would do your heart good to see the fun on the Feast of Flags. Suppose you were in Japan on that day, and you wanted to see some boys playing with their soldiers, how do you think you would find out which house to go to?

You would look up as you walk down the streets and you would see a big paper fish swinging from the top of a bamboo pole outside some houses.

Wherever those fishes hang there is at all events one boy inside; and you might count hundreds of them floating over a Japanese city on the Feast of Flags.

I do not want you to think I am making these pictures of mine an excuse for giving you good advice, but, you see, I am bound to tell you all about everything, or my panorama will not be what it ought to be—a view of all things.

Now the big paper fish which is hoisted over the Japanese houses once a year, and which flaps its tail and fins in a very natural manner, is meant to represent a carp.

The carp is a strong fish, able to swim quickly against the current, and to leap over waterfalls, and chosen by the Japanese to show that boys should try to mount over all difficulties to prosperity and success—"And so should girls", say you? and you are right.

On the whole, I think children have a very good time of it in Japan.

They have several games which we know well, but they play them rather differently. Battledore and shuttlecock for instance, is played by children and grown-up people standing in a circle.

The shuttlecock is a round seed (often gilded) and stuck around with feathers, like the petals of flowers.

Battledores are wooden bats, one side of which is bare, while the other has a raised figure of some popular hero.

I once heard a gentleman say about our game of backgammon, "If you can't do yourself any good, do your adversary some harm." It seems to me that the latter part of that sentence might be applied to most of the Japanese games.

Take, for instance, kite-flying. Now if you and I went out with a kite we should try to do ourselves good by getting our kite to rise higher than any one else's; but if we were Japanese we should try to do our adversary some harm by cutting his kite down. I will tell you how.

In February and March kites are the favorite toys—and magnificent ones they are, too, some of them measuring six feet representing men, children, birds, animals, fans, etc.

The strings are first covered with glue, then dipped into powdered glass, so that they cut as sharp as a knife.

Now the object of the game is to destroy your opponent's kite; so that when they are both up in the air you will try to get your kite into proper position, then saw the other's string right through; of course the kite falls to the ground, and you will be allowed to carry it off as a prize.

Even in spinning a top your object, if you lived in Japan, would be to damage or stop the other player's top.

I must say I prefer our own way of playing. Perhaps there does not seem much difference to you, but there is when you come to think it out.

You would not mind another boy climbing higher up into a tree than you can, but I fancy you would very much object if he knocked you off your perch first.

Cat's-cradle seems a childish sort of a game to us, yet it is a great favorite among grown-up people in Japan, and they say that they can make a knot in it which no American has been known to undo.

There are some games, too which are specially played to try the courage of children. Come with me and we will join in one before we say "good-bye" to Japan.

Let us take our seats amongst the other children in this brightly lighted room, and listen.

They are playing "One Hundred Stories;" and of course you will expect to hear some pretty tales. If so you will be disappointed, for the stories are most horrible—all about ghosts, hob-goblins, and other impossible things with which naughty people try to frighten innocent children.

As soon as the first tale is ended, a boy gets up and leaves the room.

At the end of the house farthest from the bright warm room he has left he enters one which is lighted by a dish of oil with a wick of one hundred strands or piths. The boy blows out one strand, and then runs off, glad to get into the light and warmth again.

Thus the game goes on: one tale after another is told, at the end of each the children take it in turn to blow out a strand of the lamp.

As it burns lower and lower the room becomes more gloomy, until the last child puts it out in the darkness.

This is the game which is supposed to make the children brave, but I should be very sorry to let any child of mine play at it.

Ghosts and goblins are all senseless horrors, used by wicked people to frighten the little ones whom they ought to protect, and I would like to catch hold of the first man who invented them; I do not think I would let him go free again in a hurry.

But do not imagine the Japanese are unkind to their children; quite the reverse. The little ones are well dressed, well fed, and well-looked after;—and now I think I must roll up my Japanese pictures.

"NOTHING IS LOST."

BY W. F. P.

"NOW here comes Evelyn," said Ella, with just a shade of irritation in her voice, "and he looks more uppish than ever."

It was true. Evelyn did look uppish. He came into the room with a regular school-boy swagger, and stretched himself out at full length on the rug, in such a way as to take up all the fire.

"Doing nothing, as usual, but playing baby with a stupid lump of a doll," he said grandly.

Ella protested indignantly that she was a lovely doll, and exactly like a little baby-girl.

Evelyn laughed contemptuously, and said he was thankful he wasn't a girl. "If you were a boy," he went on, "you'd be filling your head with philosophy and science instead of such rubbish."

"I'm sure, I shouldn't," Ella said, almost tearfully. "You're only talking big, and you don't know anything about it."

"Don't I, then? Why, I learn science, and I'll tell you some things that you'll think funny."

Now, truth to tell, Evelyn had that day received his first prop. in Science? Prop.'s the short for proposition."

"There isn't such a thing as a proposition," said Ella. "I know grammar as well as you, and it's a proposition."

Evelyn roared.

"Oh! she thinks she knows such a mighty lot," he cried, "Did you ever hear of geometry and Euclid, 'cos that's prop.'s: and a prop. is a thing you can't answer if you try till you're black in the face."

Ella only looked scornfully incredulous. She was sure Evelyn was only boasting, and that in reality he didn't know anything about it, but she didn't herself, so she couldn't say much.

"Well," Evelyn went on, "the first prop. in science is that Nothing is Lost. Now, what do you think of that?"

"It's quite silly," Ella replied, after a moment's reflection; "because my silver thimble is lost, and I can't find it anywhere, and heaps of things are lost every day."

"Well, but, stupid, they're somewhere, aren't they? so after all they're not lost, only you don't know where they are."

Ella sat and thought.

"It's all very well," she said. "Only take pins, now. Where do they go to? I expect they're thrown in the fire and burnt up."

"No, they're not," cried Evelyn. "I heard someone say that they went into the earth and made silver mines."

"Well, I never thought of that," Ella said thoughtfully. "I s'pose the silver must be put in the earth before it can come out."

"Of course," said Evelyn, who was very fond of talking as if he knew all about a thing, when all the time he had never thought about it before that minute.

"Yes, I think it must," said Ella; "and perhaps nothing is lost—but everything is somewhere; and I do wonder what becomes of all the broken crockery things: what do they make, I wonder? and the dolls too? Why, I have had heaps of dolls, big and little, more than I could count, and when they get old and dirty and broken they disappear, and I never see them again. Now, where do they all go to if they are not lost?"

"Doll-land, I expect," said Evelyn, who was not deeply interested in this part of the subject.

"It would be pleasant to think that they all went to a nice place, and were quite happy ever afterwards," Ella said musingly.

Ella was startled by a perfect roar from Evelyn. She had forgotten for the moment what a horrid boy he was about dolls.

Her face turned red, she gave one indignant glance at him, and rushed out of the room.

Ella loved her dolls as if they were really babies. She put them to bed every night and dressed them every morning, and always had five or six seated at breakfast with her round the nursery table; and being a sickly, delicate little girl, and so much alone, she spent so much time and affection upon them that they seemed quite real to her.

She made up histories about them all, and got to believe them, and could tell you all about their sisters and brothers, and when they were born, and what day their birthdays were and everything.

She was thinking about some of the old favorites whom she had long since forgotten, and wondering where they could be now, when someone said, "I am glad it has come home to you at last. You have been very cruel."

Ella rubbed her eyes and stared. The nursery was rather dark except for the firelight, and she was all cuddled down in a warm corner by the fire.

She was surprised to hear anyone speak, because her nurse had gone out for a holiday, and that was the reason she had been down stairs, till Evelyn drove her away with his rudeness.

But it wasn't her nurse. Who do you think it was? It was the little deformed woman who kept the little shop where Ella always bought her prettiest dolls.

"You know the dolls, then?" Ella asked.

"Of course I do," she replied; "I've been with dolls all my life, and it's a pity if I don't know something of 'em. There's not a doll that I send out of my shop but what I thoroughly investigate its character, and I do my best to secure them comfortable homes; but after all, nature is nature, and there's many a sad tale I hear from them when they find their way back to me, broken down in health, and often without a rag to their backs."

"Oh, then they are never really lost after all," Ella cried eagerly. "Evelyn said so; but do tell me where they go to."

"Lost," said the little woman, solemnly raising her finger, and fixing her eyes on Ella's face till she felt quite uncomfortable. "Nothing is lost except temper."

"But that's found again," said Ella quickly; "I'm all right again now."

"No, it isn't found: it's lost; and if all the tempers people fly into were not lost as soon as they were cast off, the air would be so foul no one could live in it."

"But temper isn't a real thing, like smoke that fills the air," Ella protested.

"Everything's real. Temper's as real as dolls," the woman replied. "But you asked what came of dolls. There was one came home to me a week ago. She'd been a cook, but her mistress when she dressed her in the morning forgot her cap and apron, and someone threw them in the fire because they littered the room. Then the mistress said Betsy didn't look a bit like a cook without her cap and apron, and tossed her into a corner, and a boy came and broke off both her legs, and her mistress took her dress off and put it on a new doll, and made a new cook, and poor Betsy——"

"Oh, please stop," Ella cried; "it was me, I know. I really didn't mean it; I didn't know then that nothing was lost."

"Betsy's starving, and heaps more like her," said the woman.

"What can I do?" Ella cried. "I didn't think they really ate things when I fed them, really I didn't. I know: I'll get some cake and bread, and give you for Betsy."

"That is not enough. You must bring it yourself. You know where I live. Pack a basket and come at once, if you want to save Betsy's life."

With these words the little woman was gone.

Ella started up, went to the nursery cupboard, packed a basket full of all the bits of sugar and cake and biscuits she could find there, hastily tied on her bonnet, and ran down stairs. No one saw her. Off she started, without a thought, on her errand of mercy.

In the window of the shop was written up "A good cook wanted," and Ella wondered whether it was a doll cook or a real one. It seemed strange to be in a real doll world, almost as if something fresh had happened since yesterday.

Of course it was only that she knew now what didn't know before.

"What a difference it makes knowing things," she said to herself.

The woman was waiting for her, and took her up ever so many stairs into a large room.

What a sight greeted her! The room was full of dolls, poor miserable creatures in every stage of decay, noseless, eyeless, legless, headless, bulged, cracked, ripped open.

There they lay in piles, a sight to touch the hardest heart. At the father end of the room was a man in a white calico suit, bending over a fire from which a dreadful odor seemed to come.

Ella stepped forward. There was a big cauldron on the fire, into which he kept on throwing something.

As Ella came near she perceived with horror that he was tearing the wax from the poor old broken-down creatures and throwing it into the cauldron.

The hair he stripped off and put aside, then in went heads, arms, legs, feet. And if they had eyes they were torn out.

"You wicked, bad man!" she cried. "Do you know that those dolls are all real? How dare you melt them!"

He turned round with a mocking laugh. It was Evelyn grown up.

"Nothing is lost," he said. "Let me show you."

He left the cauldron and took her into another room. It was full of dolls' heads, arms, and legs, all new and lovely.

They passed to another room where were some girls stuffing doll's bodies with sawdust, and others were fixing on the new arms, legs, and heads. On a table lay piles of finished. Ella clapped her hands with glee. They were just lovely.

The little woman was at her elbow.

"But are they all real this time like they were before they went into that dreadful cauldron?" Ella asked.

"Oh, no," she replied; "not this time, and that's the reason some children never get real dolls, but nothing is lost, and that's a prop.; and ask your papa if it isn't true and what it means, and please tell your mamma that I have a cook now I think will suit her better than that dreadful Betsy—and——"

* * * * * * *

"It's not true; I've never been asleep at all, Evelyn, how dare you say such a thing! I heard the tea bell ringing before you came; and nothing is lost; and I know what becomes of dolls, which is more than you do."

FEEDING A BEAR.—It was a fine autumn afternoon and the Zoological Gardens were pretty full of visitors considering the time of year.

Some new attractions had quite drawn away the crowd from the bear-pit; and the bears—naturally offended at finding no one there to take notice of them—lay sulking in the darkest corner of their den, greatly to the disappointment of an old gentleman in a fur coat, who had poked his head through one side of the circular railing that guarded the mouth of the pit, in his eagerness to get a good look at them.

All at once something fell plump upon the brim of his fur cap, making him start as if he had been shot. Had someone thrown a stone at him?

He was lifting his eyes to look for his unknown assailant when a second missile alighted full on his nose; and as it fell at his feet he saw with amazement that it was a huge morsel of a currant bun!

The next moment a third piece rebounded from his shoulder, while a fourth—almost big enough to make a supper for a small schoolboy—hit him in the eye; and then three or four pieces fell upon him as thick and fast as if the sky were snowing buns.

Growing angry (as well as he might) at this continuous bombardment, the old gentleman looked savagely around him, and espied just on the other side of bear-pit taking a deliberate aim at him with another piece of bread.

"I say, young fellow!" cried he angrily, "just have done with that nonsense, will you?"

At the sound of his voice the young man stared, rubbed his eyes in utter bewilderment, and then came running around the circular railing to where the old gentleman stood.

"I'm sure, sir," said he hurriedly and confusedly, "I beg a thousand pardons for my rudeness; but, to tell the truth, I'm very short-sighted, and when I saw you through the railings in your fur coat and cap I really mistook you for one of the bears!" K.

"Does the razor hurt you?" No reply. "Is the draught too strong?" No reply. "Shall I shut the door?" No reply. "Think Cleveland will be re-elected?" No reply. "Awful fire in New York last night?" No reply. "Shave your pretty chin?" No reply. "Getting very warm now?" No reply. "That was a heavy thunder-storm we had last night!" No reply. "Shampoo?" No reply. "Trim your hair up a little?" No reply. "Brilliantine on your moustache?" No reply. "Bay rum?" No reply. Then the country barber, who was alone in his breezy shop, sat down greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

I do not ask remembrance in your hours
Busy and full,
Bearing such gifts to others, rich in powers
For use and rule.

Check not the current of your life, that breaks
Joyous and strong,
To hearken where some haunting memory speaks
Like a sad song;

But when the dusk is creeping, and the dew
Lies on the hill;
When the first star is trembling through the blue,
Remote and still;

When from the lilies steals a breath so faint
It thrills like pain,
And, hushing into peace Day's long complaint,
Night falls again—

Oh, then one moment be the Present fled,
Think of past days
And that sweet summer that so strangely led
In one our ways;

When I was yours in every pulse and thought,
And you, too, seemed
To give back something of the gift I brought,
Or so I dreamed:

And know that as it then was with me, Sweet,
So is it still;
That a life's love is waiting at your feet,
Whene'er you will.

ACCIDENTS OF HISTORY.

A certain author wrote a book on events which never took place, and another was the author of a learned essay on history which might have been enacted. An equally curious volume might be penned on the trifles which have determined great events.

It was but a trifle that gave Spain, for so many generations, the lordship of the new world, and enabled her by the wealth which she derived from that source to become the most powerful nation in Europe.

It is well known that Columbus, dispirited with the refusals which he met at so many courts, dispatched his brother Bartolomeo to ask aid of Henry VII. of England. But on the way the messenger fell into the hands of pirates, and by the time he reached London was so destitute that he was obliged to earn money to clothe himself in proper style before he could be presented at court. But by that time it was too late.

Even the fact that Ferdinand and Isabella supplied the funds to equip the expedition was mainly due to the accident that Juan Perez de Marchena, the queen's confessor, happened to be passing at the moment when the weary mariner was knocking at the door of La Rabida monastery to beg a little bread and water for his boy Diego, and was struck with the noble face of the dusty pedestrian.

Had Bartolomeo Colon reached London in time, had Christoval been by any chance a little later or a little earlier at the monastery door, the fate of Europe might have been changed, and the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race altered.

Three centuries later it was again nearly revolutionized; for in 1806 the English held Buenos Ayres, and it is no secret that Napoleon was almost persuaded to abandon Europe as a field for his ambition and try what he could accomplish in the way of carving out an empire among the dissatisfied provinces of South America.

When Citizen Bonaparte seemed likely to sit on the throne of Louis Capet he was on the point of offering his sword to the Sultan, as at a later period Von Moltke actually did. It is curious now to speculate what would have been the present state of the Eastern Question had Napoleon carried his intentions into effect; or, supposing that Moltke had remained in the Turkish service, whether the Danish war would have been fought, or Prussia's supremacy established at Sadowa or Sedan.

The cropping of Louis VII's chin brought on three centuries of bloodshed and a sarcastic remark of Frederick the Great on Elizabeth, of Russia, roused that virtuous empress to take such a vigorous part in the Seven Years' War, that at one time Prussia seemed well nigh stricken unto death.

It is hardly forty years since Louis Philippe threatened war against the Texan republic because an irate citizen had shot the trespassing pigs of the French ambassador. As it was he prevented the Lone Star sovereignty from floating their European loan, and thus the king and the pigs combined hastened the annexation of Texas to the United States.

The Dutch are said to have "jockeyed" England out of Malacca in exchange for Java by representing on the map, which the simple minded envoys took for granted, one territory as large, and the other as small.

Among the most firmly rooted traditions of American diplomacy is one which represents the English commissioner as agreeing to the surrender of Oregon "because a country in which a salmon does not rise to the fly cannot be worth much."

Laws have been altered through accidents before the queen's printer's boy forgot to deliver Lord Beaconsfield's amendment to a bill.

But if trifles have determined the fate of laws and nations, accidents equally small have caused men to follow pursuits the results of which have not been much less momentous to culture and civilization.

Father Malebranche devoted himself to philosophy after reading Descartes' "Man"; Cowley became a poet owing to his perusal of Spenser's "Fairy Queen," and Sir Joshua Reynolds had never thought of painting until Richardson's "Treatise" fell into his hands.

Shakspeare might have ended his life as a wool-comber had he been a prudent young tradesman; Corneille showed no liking for any literature except the law until he fell in love, and felt himself compelled to tell the lady so in poetry; and Moliere might have remained making tapestry had not his grandmother nettled his pride by wishing that he could be an actor.

Balboa might never have discovered the Pacific had he not been unsuccessful as a shopkeeper in Hispaniola, and found it necessary to flee to the main-land concealed from his creditors in a cask on board a vessel; and it is certain that had Cortez become a well-briefed lawyer in Salamanca he would never have lived to tell Charles V. proudly that he had given him more provinces than his father had left him cities.

Ignatius Loyola was a soldier, and the order of Jesuits might never have been founded had he not accidentally beguiled the tedium of inaction, necessitated by a wound, with reading "The Lives of the Saints."

Gibbon determined to write his famous work after listening to the monks singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, at Rome; and LaFontaine was stimulated to cultivate literature after hearing some verses.

Faraday might have remained a journeyman book-binder had not a kindly friend invited him to hear Sir Humphrey Davy lecture, and Vaucanson only took to studying the mechanism of clocks in order to beguile the weary hours which he had to pass while attending his mother at confession.

Grains of Gold.

Indolence is the most fatal malady of the mind.

In the bottom of pleasure's cup are bitter dregs.

Happiness is the smile on the face of Contentment.

First think out your work, then work out your thought.

We should live as though our life would be both long and short.

Do not expect more esteem from others because you deserve more.

Life, like the water of the seas, freshens only when it ascends towards heaven.

A philosopher is often the weaver of a garment of air out of the threads of nothing.

Every man's heart is a grave yard in which are entombed the dead heroes of his ideals.

Man spends his life in reasoning on the past, complaining of the present, and trembling for the future.

If life, like the olive is a bitter fruit, then grasp both with the press and they will afford the sweetest oil.

Children always turn toward the light. O that grown-up people in this would become like little children.

Where diligence opens the door of understanding and impartiality keeps it open, truth is sure to find an entrance.

Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune, or industry, or virtue has placed within it.

This span of life was lent for lofty duties, not for selfishness: not to be wiled away for aimless dreams, but to improve ourselves and serve mankind.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Femininities.

Without hearts there is no home.

Trust not in him that seems a saint.

Forgiveness and a smile are the best revenge.

There is a combination hairpin and brooch.

Chaperoning young girls to Europe is becoming a profession.

A writhing oxidized silver serpent is an odd design in button-hook handles.

Beauty can afford to laugh at distinctions; it is in itself a great distinction.

A bar of diamonds, having at each end a small blue globe, is an odd design in brooches.

In praising or loving a child, we love and praise not that which is, but that which we hope for.

Young women whose hair is prematurely silvered are at a premium in New York society just now.

A new silver candlestick represents an oak leaf holding an acorn, in which the candle rests.

A woman never reaches middle life; she is always young until she gets old enough to boast of her age.

It is generally the idle who complain they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish.

Three girls in Portland, Oregon, gave a hackman, who had insulted them, a thrashing with his own whip.

The school question is now agitated so much in Boston that hundreds of women are being enrolled as voters.

To clean straw matting, boil three quarts of bran in one gallon of water and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.

The newest oddity in brooches is a kitten of dead-black enamel touched with white spots and having eyes of rose diamonds.

Flower curtains, made of tennis nets, with blossoms woven in the interstices, are the latest florists' wrinkles for lawn parties.

The coming woman will have her own bank account. The question is, how long will she be able to keep it from the coming man.

A Garden City, Kansas, woman labors under the delusion that she owns the town, and wants toll from those who travel the streets.

Trim and fill the lamps in the morning, or you may add to the tale of accidents, as the unwise virgins whose lamps were not ready when wanted.

This is the time of year when the society girl who has paid $100 for a tan complexion wants to give $1000 for some preparation that will remove it.

Miss Highborn: "I tell you, Mr. Wildwest, there is nothing like blood here in the East." Wildwest: "It's the same in the West. We always keep it on tap."

Things one would rather have left unsaid. Mrs. Jones: "Don't trouble to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith." Mrs. Smith: "No trouble; quite a pleasure, I assure you."

He: "I see Miss Jones's back from Paris." She, a spirited rival: "I noticed her dress was cut rather low, but I didn't suppose you could see her back from that distance."

Nothing makes love sweeter and tenderer than a little previous scolding and freezing, just as the grape-clusters acquire by a frost before vintage thinner skins and a better flavor.

Thirty-eight couples have been married at the Iowa fairs and captured more or less valuable prizes for the publicity of their nuptials, and of these 27 have been divorced within 13 months.

Laura: "So you are really engaged to him, dear? He is 40, you say, and you are 20—just twice as old as you, love. Dear me, when you are 40 he will be 80!" Clara: "Goodness gracious! I hadn't thought of that!"

The mother of the present German empress, it is said, is confined in a mad-house. She wanted to become the wife of Louis Napoleon, when he was president, and would have done so but for the opposition of Queen Victoria.

Old lady, "down upon followers": "That young man who is just going out, I suppose, is your brother, Jane?" Maid: "No, 'm. Not my brother, m'am—which he's a young man, m'am—most respect'ble, mum—as I've 'opes of!"

A long-handled brush, long enough to reach the ceilings, is as important to a good housekeeper as a good broom. If the walls and ceilings are lightly brushed before the room is swept, the paper will keep clean and fresh much longer.

"And what kind of a wife has Charlie got?" "A very superior woman; educated, refined, stylish, and all that sort of thing." "And is she at all domestic? Does she do her own housework?" "No, I think not; but she has a good deal to say about the way other women do theirs."

Persian ladies when at home dress in tunics that do not fall below the knee, but which are supplemented by leggings covered with elaborate needlework ornament. This is to avoid raising a dust when they move about, Persia being one of the driest and therefore dustiest countries in the world.

Mrs. Dusenberry, I wish I were you for three or four days. I'd manage to have this housecleaning done." "Oh, you do, and you would, Mr. Dusenberry? Well, do you know what I would do if I were you for half an hour?" "Well, what would you do, dear?" "I'd go out and buy my wife a bonnet."

"Have I done anything to offend you, darling?" he asked, brokenly. "To-day you passed me without bowing, and now you sit there with an air of hauteur and pride that—" "George, dear," interrupted the girl, with the unbending air, but in her voice there was cadence sweeter than music in the night, "I have a stiff neck."

Masculinities.

There is nothing as royal as truth.

A sensible man will always be civil.

A drop too much wears away the man.

For faults are beauties in a lover's eyes.

The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.

A cane with silver chains passing through the head is the latest.

The postmen of England are beginning to complain of Sunday deliveries.

Live as long as you may, the first 20 years are the longest half of your life.

A brave man is the one who can shake his fist under the devil's nose, and tell him he is the devil.

Some men do as much begrudge others a good name, as they want one themselves! and perhaps that is the reason of it.

At the Communist ball in Belleville, near Paris, "Infernal Quadrilles" were danced amid squibs, crackers and Bengal fires.

The Parisian women have at last revolted. A League for Public Morals has been formed to suppress impure literature.

The Archbishop of Canterbury says that one of the greatest evils by which the working classes are afflicted is the custom of early marriages.

Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

So much are men enamored of their miserable lives, that there is no condition so wretched to which they are not willing to submit, provided they may live.

Uncle Tom: "Remember, chile, dat in dis worl', whatebber happens, de right am allus boun' to prevail." Sam: "Ain't dat 'cause de biggest feller am allus right, uncle?"

Thirty young women of Walla Walla went to the beach for a camping season. They were well armed, and it was certain death for a man to come within 200 yards of their tents.

"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions. Here am I, for instance, in one short year changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire."

Professor: "Gretchen, please take the cat out of the room; I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?" Gretchen: "Why, Professor! You are sitting on it, sir."

Barber, to customer whose face looks as though it had undergone several surgical operations: "The man who shaved you last must have been a fool." Customer: "He was. I shaved myself."

When men get so crazy about base ball and kindred sports that it makes them sick or upsets their nerves to lose, they had better drop it. When such sport becomes a craze it ceases to be a recreation.

"Promise me, John, that you will not get into any terrible railroad accidents, or be burned to death at a hotel. Promise me that, John, or my heart will break!" John promised faithfully that he would not.

"Julia, perhaps I am staying too late. Is not that your father tapping on the floor overhead?" "Yes, Arthur; but don't go yet. He isn't dangerously mad until he goes tearing along the hall beating the gong."

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell the story of a traveler who, finding himself and his dog in a wild country and destitute of provisions, cut off his dog's tail and boiled it for his own supper, giving the dog the bone.

A man who had accused his neighbor of falsehood was called on for an apology, which he gave in the following terms of rather doubtful meaning: "I called you a liar—it is true. You spoke truth; I have told a lie."

Remember that it takes no longer to put a thing where it belongs than somewhere else; or at least if it does sometimes take a little longer to put it there it doesn't take as long to find it the next time you want it in a hurry.

Jones: "I say, Smith, I understand that Brown is something of a literary man." Smith: "Literary man—yes. Why, Brown writes for the waste baskets of some of the leading newspapers and magazines in the country."

It was a charming fancy of the Pythagoreans to exchange names when they met, that so they might partake of the virtues each admired in the other. And, knowing the power of names, they used only such as were musical and pleasing.

An article is going the rounds of the papers headed, "How to Select a Wife." Its rules are very scientific and interesting, but when a young man falls in love he doesn't ponder over rules. He just shuts both his eyes tight and grabs frantically in the dark.

Wife: "As a rule, my dear, aren't bow-legged men conceited about their personal appearance?" Husband: "As a general thing they are, and I look upon it in the light of a merciful dispensation of Providence. The Lord, you know, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

The boy who is usually late at breakfast, and late at school, stands not much chance of being a good business man; nor the one who neglects his duties, and then says "I forgot," of being a reliable man; while the one who can find pleasure in the suffering of dumb animals and smaller boys, will never make a noble, generous, kind man—in short, a gentleman.

A horse at Birmingham, England, has taken upon itself the task of protecting a goat that has been accustomed to graze with it. A gang of young roughs had a habit of stealing the goat. Whenever the goat is attacked the horse runs to the rescue, and a few days ago caught one young fellow by the back of the coat and flung him clear over a hedge into the road.

Recent Book Issues.

A perfect treasure in the book way for children, as regards pictures and stories, is "Queer People with Paws and Claws," by the famous artist Palmer Cox. The contents are a series of stories in rhyme about mice, cats, foxes, and other animals whose exciting and funny adventures, lit up as they are by hundreds of splendid pictures, cannot but make the little ones' hearts happier and better. Magnificently printed and bound. Hubbard Bros., Publishers, Phila.

"Little Helpers," by Margaret Vandegrift, the well-known writer for young folks, is a story that is as interesting as it is good. Its chapters are full of life and incident, just such as a healthy-minded child rejoices in, and a multitude of good pictures, large and small, give additional zest and animation to its pages. The "little helpers" of this work will hardly fail to make others follow their example with the same useful and pleasant consequences. Splendidly printed on fine paper and bound in cloth. Ticknor & Co., publishers, Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price $1.50.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Magazine of Art for October, has for its frontispiece a beautiful etching after Sir John Millais' painting, "The Convalescent." The opening article of the number is entitled, "Old Arts and Modern Thoughts," and is from the original pen of J. E. Hodgson. Claude Phillips follows with a sympathetic paper on "Sculpture at the Royal Academy." "The Stopping, in Ornament," is a well considered paper by Lewis F. Day, which is followed by a pretty poem, "The Yellow Gown," by Kate Carter. Then comes the description of the Kepplestone Collection." A paper on "The Barbizon School," is devoted to the discussion of the life and works of Theodore Rousseau, many of which are here reproduced. Bernard Van Orley and his work, is the subject of a paper by W. Shaw-Sparrow, and the notes are particularly full and interesting. Cassell & Co., New York.

Kate Eyre's serial, "For the Good of the Family," opens *Cassell's Family Magazine* for October and is filled with amusing situations. "An Australian Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a graphic description of negro life in "the bush," by Thomas B. Clegg. The Family Doctor has a sensible talk on "In Times of Sickness;" another practical paper is "Every Day Puddings and How to Make Them." A paper by Frederick J. Crowest deals with "The Madrigal and its Makers." "Some Favorite Dogs" are sketched with pen and pencil; a story in two chapters—"What Miss Trusdale Said"—is told, and then we are informed on "How Ships are Spoken at Sea." "Comrades Once" is continued, and then come the admirable fashion letters from the well informed London and Paris correspondents. The author of that popular book, "How to Be Happy Though Married," contributes a paper addressed "To Holiday-Makers," while "H. S. S." writes of "A Day on the Hills in Arran." There is also a well filled "Gatherer." Cassell & Co., New York.

HIS SECOND PEACH.—It is curious fact that some lady visitors to the theatre never seem able to sit still for ten minutes together. If they are not twisting their heads round and taking a general survey of the house through their opera glasses they are arranging their gloves, smelling bottle, programme, bangles, or something else.

A particularly objectionable specimen of this class of dramatic disturber was seated next to a nervous gentleman in a theatre not long since, and the inability to keep quiet which the former exhibited manifestly caused her companion the greatest annoyance. Finally the irrepressible irritator dropped several articles in rapid succession, but the nervous man made no attempt to pick them up in spite of several delicate hints to that effect which the owner threw out. At last the man said:

"Pardon me, madam, for not picking those things up. They are safe where they are, and I would rather not arm you for the next act."

"You are a brute, sir!" hissed the lady angrily.

"I am not, madam. I am a bachelor," came the meek reply.

"Well, it's the same thing!" she replied.

There was peace for the rest of the evening.

A LITTLE LEARNING.—The words of Pope—"A little learning is a dangerous thing"—have been quoted largely to countenance an indolence that human nature is already too prone to, without the further aid of a popular poet. For, in good sooth, she that never beginneth can never end; and she who would have much learning must begin her labors with a little. "Therefore," says Thomas Browne, "I hold this to be one of those fallacies which throw an obstacle in the way of improvement, and, therefore, ought to be removed from the path.

THE boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale our guardian angel quits his care of us.

MERCY is so good a servant that it will never allow its master to die a beggar. The virtues that lie in Warner's Log Cabin Plasters are as beneficient and lasting as the qualities of mercy. Best and cheapest porousad plaster in market.

MISTAKES OF SERVANTS.

The mistakes of servants in delivering messages have been the fruitful source of jokes at all times.

Not only has the native wit of the messenger often served the novelist as a pretext for bringing in some well-worn witticism, but his very silliness in complicating or preverting the meaning of the message is a mine of wealth to the comic writer.

The following anecdotes of mistakes of servants may be new to our readers:

Mrs. Jones lived in Brixton. Mrs. Brown lived in the same suburb. Mrs J. was not well, so Mrs. B. considered it incumbent upon her to make inquiries as to the condition of her neighbor.

To this effect she sent Maria, the much-abused little hand-maiden, saying:

"Go and see how old Mrs. Jones is."

The message returned by the satellite will best explain the complication which occured in the mind of Maria.

"How *old* Mrs. Jones is, indeed? She is fifty-four last May, but she don't see as why Mrs. Brown wants to know, and she thinks it's like her impedence to ask misus's age."

Now they never speak as they pass by, and their respective servants turn up their noses to an angle of forty-five degrees when they meet while getting their supper beer.

Many may remember the story of the bootler who was sent to post a letter, and who tapped repeatedly on the top of the box to ask for a stamp, but receiving no answer concluded it must be the Dead Letter Office.

Another equally intelligent specimen, who, after dodging around the letter box for some time, managed to slip in the letter without being seen, and returned with the joyful news that he reckoned he had "done" the post office, as after a good deal of trouble he had succeeded in getting his letter in without having paid for the stamp.

Mrs. Wilkinson was in the habit of sending over the way to Captain Blivens to inquire after his health, and the polite servant of the military man invariably replied with the stereotyped phrase, "Captain Blivens' compliments, and he's very well," or pretty well, or not very well, as the case might be.

One day a catastrophe befell the captain, even in the presence of death, politeness was not forgotten, so the message brought back by Mrs. Wilkinson's servant that morning was, "Captain Blivens' compliments, and he's dead!"

Hundreds of quaint eccentricities of servants might be enumerated, but one more will suffice.

Paddy was sent down town to the post-office to see if there were any letters for his master.

He entered the building, walked up to the counter and asked:

"Hev yer any litters for the masterr?"

Naturally the question came, "What is the name?"

"Git out wid yer inquisitivess," said Pat, resenting the curiosity of the official.

"Well, I can't give you any letters if you don't tell me the name," replied the clerk.

Hesitating a moment, Pat burst, "O'Brien then?"

"No letters to-day."

Patrick buttoned up his coat, strode to the door, scowled indignantly on each person present, and as a parting shot observed:

"I never see the loike of it! But there, ye didn't git it after all! His name isn't O'Brien at all! It's Flanagan, d'ye see!"

THE USES OF THE MOSQUITO.—A gentleman in Madras has had the courage to say a good word for the mosquito. This insect is a gnat, and its bite is a great deal worse than its buzz, and that is bad enough. Fortunately for some the real mosquito cares only for the warmer parts of the globe.

I won't call the Madras naturalist the mosquito's champion, because he doesn't ignore its evil ways, but he urges that we should not lose sight of the useful services which the insect renders to man in an earlier stage of its existence.

Putting the life of the mosquito at twenty-nine or thirty days, he points out that three of these days are spent in the egg form, and that no fewer than twenty-one are given over to the larval form, two days are occupied by the chrysalis, and only three or four by the winged form in which all the biting mischief is done. Now during the egg and pupa (or chrysalis) stages the creature is idle, but how is the larva engaged for the three weeks of its existence?

Its home is the foulest stagnant water, and its food decayed vegetable and animal matter on which it feeds voraciously. Thus the whole of its energy is displayed in purifying filthy water.

Why, asks the Madras champion, who is not a champion, should not twenty-one days of hard and useful labor outweigh the stings of three or four days?

OF Prince Bismark it is related that, while inspecting the harvest work on his fields, not long since, two of the reaping women, following and old custom seized him and bound him with bands made of straw. The Chancellor submitted with good grace, and extricated himself by paying a liberal ransom. He rode away in his carriage with the straw bands still fastened around his arm.

The blood is the regulator. Regulate the Regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It cures all impurities. It is the largest bottle in the market—120 doses for $1. Your druggist sells it. Buy it for your family's benefit as well as your own.

ON WORRY AND WORK.

It has been stated as an indisputable proposition that there would be no lazy men in the world if all men felt that they were being adequately paid for their labor. That is not indisputable at all, as it has been disputed as often as stated.

But it has a stratum of truth underlying it, and all that is necessary to render it commonly acceptable is to modify it so that it would read: There would be fewer lazy men in the world if all men felt they were adequately paid for their labor.

A fit corollary to it would be that there would be fewer overworked men in the world if their work could go smoothly on uninterrupted by worry. It was care, not work, which killed the cat, says the proverb, and again the proverb tells much truth in short and homely phrase.

The work that pays, that is not done without fit compensation of one sort or another, is seldom exhaustive of the resources of the mind or body.

The work which is done without remunerating results, and the failure of which to yield reward makes it hard, is that sort which tires the brain, and, through it, the body.

The victims of overwork are to be looked for, not among men who pursue active but regular business careers, as manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, lawyers, laborers, clerks, doctors, or others, who pursue legitimate, non-speculative vocations, but among that class who, launching outside their legitimate business, are engaged in speculation, or ventures of uncertain results, the uncertainty of which wears and tears the mind, depresses the spirit, and so preys upon the physical forces.

Of course there are some people who pursue their regular calling to an extreme that allows them no rest, and these also wear and tear themselves out, but they are few compared with those who break themselves down by the perpetual rush and never-ending fret about numerous matters which are all apart from their regular business.

The man who is freest from care, who has a competency and feels that he has, who makes both ends meet at the close of the year, whose ambitions are no greater than his ability to attain them, who is rich through being content with that which he has, may work long and hard, even through the heat of the day, and into the cool of the night also, without fear of breaking down from overwork.

The restful mind is one of the surest means of all for securing a restful body. But this is not likely to be the property of one who, in his work, takes such risks, in the hope of great and sudden gains, as to imperil all that he has: of one who sends his ships upon unknown seas to run the risks of the winds and waves of speculation.

The man who looks, day by day, if only for a few minutes, at a list of tumbling stocks of which he is a holder, is much more likely to get tired and suffer with that malady called overwork than his neighbor who works ever so hard with brain and hand without embarking his capital or wages in uncertain ventures. Overwork is most frequently only another name for self-inflicted worry.

THAT AWFUL BOY.—Major Stofah went to see his young lady the other evening, and the little brother was entertaining him as usual till the sister came down.

"You like my sister, don't you?" asked the little lamb.

"Yes, Tommy; very much," replied the major, with a delicate blush.

"You would like to marry her, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I believe I would."

"But you ain't rich, are you?"

"No, I'm not rich," replied the major, with a faint sigh.

"That's all right," said the boy sympathetically.

"Do you think so?" asked the major brightening.

"Sure of it," exclaimed the boy. "I heard sister say she would like awfully to marry a rich man, but she was willing to take anything rather than die an old maid."

The major is once more heart whole and fancy free.

A LUMBER dealer in Minnesota, whose given name was Isaac, had quite an extensive correspondence. His bookkeeper made a memorandum of every time his name was misspelled in letters directed to him, and the list reads as follows: Isiac, Iisac, Icsack, Iscac, Ysac, Isaag, Izic, Isiace, Icac, Isach, Isic, Isisac, Isaace, Icars, Icks, Iassic, Aisec, Isaar, Isasac, Icsic, Iesas, Isica, Isac, Iassac, Izk, I Sic, Isaach, Isac, Isick, Isaace, Isaace, Iseks, Isaick, Isaak, Iisace, Isak, Isaack, Icsac, I Sick, Isicn; isaac, Isaac, Isace, Iscac, Isice, Isaic.

FOR the first time in her royal history during her recent visit to Glasgow, while she was responding to the address of welcome, some one in the back of the hall shouted to Queen Victoria, "Speak up!"

THE LOG CABINS of America have been birthplaces of some of the grandest men. Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, first saw the light of day through the chinks of a Log Cabin. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla also originated in a Log Cabin and stands pre-eminent among the blood purifiers of to-day as Warner's "Tippecanoe" does as a stomach tonic.

SAYINGS ABOUT STORMS.—When oxen and sheep collect together as if they were seeking shelter, a storm may be expected.

Peafowl utter loud cries before a storm, and select a low perch.

When a heavy cloud comes up in the south-west, and seems to settle back again, look out for a storm.

Red clouds at sunrise indicate storm.

A long strip of clouds called Salmon or Noah's Ark, stretching east and west is a sign of stormy wheather, but when it extends north and south, it is a sign of dry weather.

If the clouds be of different heights, the sky being greyish or dirty blue, with hardly any wind stirring, the wind, however, changing from west to south, or sometimes to south-east, without perceptibly increasing in force, expect storm.

Coals becoming alternately bright and dim indicate approaching storms.

Fire always burns brighter, and throws out more heat, just before a storm, and is hotter during a storm.

Distant sounds heard with distinctness during the day indicate rain.

CARE IN DRINKING.—An exchange notices as a wise precaution the act of a physician, who, while riding in a railroad car, gave one of his children a drink of water by spreading a clean handkerchief over the top of the glass to prevent the contact of the child's lips with the tumbler.

A still better expedient with the same object in view has often been resorted to by the writer, and his children have been instructed to practice the same precaution when obliged to drink from a mug or tumbler on the cars, steamboats, or at public drinking fountains.

It consists of bringing the lower edge of the drinking cup beneath the lower lip, instead of letting it come in contact with the mucous membrane of the mouth. Teach the children to stick their whole bill into the cup when they take a drink under such circumstances, for it avoids a real and considerable danger of infection from certain contagious diseases.

TOO MUCH MODESTY.—"John," she said, as she toyed with one of his coat buttons, "this is leap year, isn't it?" "Yes, Mamie," he answered, as he looked fondly down on her golden head, that was pillowed on his manly bosom. "This is the year when the proposing is done by the young ladies?" "Yes." "I hope you don't expect me to propose to you?" "Why, Mamie, dear, I never gave the matter a thought—I—er—to—to—tell the truth; I've only known you for—that is to say——" "I'm glad you didn't expect me to propose. I'm not that kind, I hope. No, John, dearest. I couldn't be so immodest. I am going to let you do the proposing yourself in the old-fashioned way. The old-fashioned way is good enough for me." And the gentle maiden gave her lover a beaming smile; and yet the youth rejoiced that he had found such a treasure of modesty.

The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot wholly be idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

LOG CABIN SUCCESS.

What ails the young men?

Robert Garrett's father left him a fortune of twenty millions. He was from childhood reared in luxury; he received a splendid education with an especial training into the thorough knowledge of railroad management and was expected to succeed his father as a railroad king.

Within three years after the responsibilities which his father's death threw upon him were assumed, he is reported a broken down man, with mind and health permanently shattered.

George Law is another young man left with millions of money, who is reported among the "wrecks." His father, bred a stone mason, was of gigantic size and strength, with commensurate brain power, so he became a great contractor, then a railroad king and left half a dozen millions for his son to dissipate. The young man is a success as a dissipator.

The founders of both of these great estates were born in the most humble walks of life, grew strong mentally and physically, by simple living and honest labor and developed into financial giants. Their sons were reared in the lap of luxury and developed into intellectual pigmies.

The great men of our country have not, as a rule, come from the elegant mansions of the cities, but from the Log Cabins of the rural districts. Simple ways of living, freedom from dissipation, and enervating pleasures, simple remedies for disease, effective and which leave no poison in the system develope brawny, brainy men, who compel the world to recognize their strength and power.

The wholesome, old-fashioned Log Cabin remedies are the safest and surest for family use. Our grandmothers knew how to prepare the teas and syrups of roots, herbs and balsams which drive disease out of the system by natural methods and leave no after ill effects. The most potent of these old-time remedies were, after long and searching investigation secured by H. H. Warner, of safe cure fame, and are now put out for the "healing of the nations" in the Warner's Log Cabin remedies.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla and with pure blood giving health, strength, mental and bodily vigor, you may hope to cope successfully with the most gigantic financial problems of the age, without wrecking health and manhood.

Humorous.

THE ADVANCED WOMAN.

She went round and asked subscriptions
For the heathen black Egyptians
And the Terra del Fuegians,
She did;
For the tribes round Athabasca,
And the men of Madagascar,
And the poor souls of Alaska,
So she did;
She longed, she said, to buy
Jelly cake and jam and pie
For the Anthropophagi,
So she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian
And the poor half-melted Feejean,
And the dear Moluccs Islander,
She did;
She sent tins of red tomato
To the tribes beyond the equator,
But her husband ate potato,
So he did;
The poor helpless, homeless thing
(My voice falters as I sing)
Tied his clothes up with a string,
Yes, he did.

—U. K. Kone.

An ink-convenience—A pen.

Figure of speech—A talking doll.

Doing light work—Cleaning the lamps.

In the human race the butcher holds the steaks.

Opportunities are like vacant lots. They must be improved to be profitable.

Why is a doctor like a broken windlass?—Because he can draw nothing from the well.

My first is a kind of butter, my second is a kind of licker, my whole is part of a gun.—Ramrod.

The reason that birds clean out a fruit tree so quickly is that they take the fruit away a peck at a time.

"Have you traveled a good deal?" "I should say so. I have been around the world so often that my head swims."

Old lady, to convict: "Do they allow you to read the Bible, my poor man?" Convict, sadly: "Madam, they make me read it."

Barber, desirous to please: "How would you like your hair cut, sir?" Customer, innocently: "First rate! That's what I came in here for."

Did not some one remark that "time waits for no man?" What's the matter with the fellow's watch that has been in pawn for three seasons?

A good housewife never opens the condensed milk can with her husband's razor, nor will a loving husband carry the horse with the nutmeg grater.

Customer, to waiter: "Some cheese, please?" Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir. Very sorry, sir. Cheese out, sir." Customer: "That so? When do you expect it back?"

"Why, how are you, Phil? Glad to see you in town. Where are you putting up?" "With my wife, of course; and I have a good deal to put up with, I can tell you."

Old Dolliking had a dog named Watch. As the animal became old he became so deaf that he could not hear when called. So Dolliking held out his watch and it worked like a charm. The poodle came every time.

There are only three factories in this country where corsets are made. This is too bad. It seems as though a greater opportunity ought to be afforded the people to blow their brains out if they desired to do it.

Lady, delightedly, to new boarder: "I must congratulate you, Mr. Bysepe, on your ability as a carver. You dismembered that chicken beautifully." Mr. Bysepe: "Thanks; I deserve no special credit. I'm a stone-cutter."

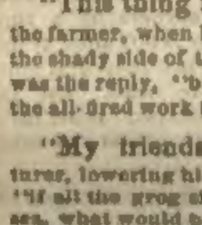
"This thing makes me tired," exclaimed the farmer, when he caught his hired man sitting on the shady side of the haystack. "Mebbe it does," was the reply, "but it don't make me tired. It's the all-fired work that uses me up."

"My friends," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper, "if all the grog shops were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?" For answer came: "Lots of people would get drowned!"

Mendicant: "Please help a poor blind man!" Kind old lady: "Blind? Why, bless me, yes; there's a dime for you." Mendicant: "Thank ye heartily, ma'am. I knowed the minit I see ye comin' ye was a kind-hearted old 'ooman."

First train robber, in the West: "What train did you stop last night?" Second robber: "Overland express, going West." First robber: "Git much?" Second robber: "Naw, chock full of people comin' home from the Eastern summer resorts."

Rev. Charles Poundtext, who has been writing his sermon, looking up suddenly: "Maria, will you take the children out of the room for a few minutes?" Mrs. Poundtext, in surprise: "Certainly, my dear; but—are they annoying you?" Rev. Poundtext: "Not at all; but I have just dipped the mucilage brush into the ink-well, and I would like to be at liberty to make a few remarks."



A Log Cabin does not look very handsome from the outside, with the coon skin nailed on the door, but health and contentment the hardy pioneers of American civilization found in them. Their health was maintained by simple remedies of roots and herbs, now reproduced in Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, made by Warner of Safe Cure fame.

How They Show Their Approval.—The Japanese theatre-goers have a very original way of showing their approval of a particularly fine performance. They shriek and whoop with delight, and when the enthusiasm reaches its highest pitch, hats, coats, or other articles of clothing are showered upon the stage as bouquets are flung to the favorites in this country.

A story is told of a foreigner who saw this rain of coats and sashes falling upon the stage after a thrilling scene, and wishing to contribute his mite, he tossed his hat over too. He was willing to sacrifice that much to keep up the credit of his country, particularly as the hat was an old one and he had a soft cap in his pocket to fall back upon.

Much to his surprise, at the close of the entertainment, the manager brought his hat back to him and asked for a sum of money. A few inquiries elicited the information that the articles thrown to the star were merely pledges, to be afterwards redeemed by money, the actors having a regular schedule of prices.

So much for coats, pipes, and sashes, and a corresponding sum for foreigners' hats, or any trifle. The enthusiast reluctantly handed over the amount, received back his hat, and departed from the scene of action a sadder but a wiser man—wiser in that he recognized the necessity of thoroughly understanding the meaning of foreign customs before following them with ardor.

The Antiquity of the Telephone.—There is a Japanese proverb which says, "To learn the new, search the old," and in many instances there is more truth than poetry in the assertion.

The telephone has been looked upon as strictly a modern invention, but a statement has recently been made by a traveller in India that the instrument has been used by the priests of that country for 2,000 years.

The telephone of India lacks the improvements and perfection of our telephone; neither has it any system of general communication. It is confined entirely to the temples, and employed only by the high-caste people.

Its very existence is kept a secret to general travellers in that country, as it has been for the 2,000 years it has lived. In some of the temples are the remains of worm-eaten transmitters and wooden conduits, which are at least several hundred years old.

The priests claim that the system has been in existence since the creation, and laugh at the idea of its being applied only with the last few years. If these statements are true, who, then, was the real inventor of the telephone?

The very latest rage among some of New York's fairest creatures are canes. They are known as walking sticks for ladies, and Sarah Bernhardt is said to be the mother of the fashion. It is in a slight degree a return of the fashion of Fielding's and Richardson's time.

"NASAL VOICES, CATARRH AND FALSE TEETH."

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural.

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy and Log Cabin sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the fall and winter seasons advance, together with an occasional use of Warner's Log Cabin rose cream, to strengthen and protect the nasal membranes, give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and if neglected, inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co., Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors.

He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy, he says, under the date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin rose cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

When Dean Swift was invited to dinner by his friend Lord Bolingbroke, and, as an inducement to accept the invitation, was shown the dinner bill, he replied, "A fig for your dinner bill, show me your bill of company."

What is more attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it, use Pozzoni's Powder.

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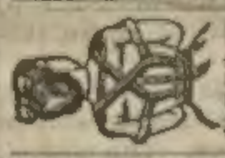
FUN 50 album selections 6 popular songs 6 Parlor games, 1 Dictionary of Dreams, 1 Game Fox & Geese, 250 Recipes, 1 Wonders of the world, 1 Age Table, a complete book of cards all for 2c. stamp. Card Works, Box 1943, New York.



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The number of students not living in Brooklyn who have wanted to enter Packer Institute has made it desirable that a home should be provided especially adapted to this necessity. This home, which has been so successfully conducted for a number of years, will be in the future under the management of Mrs. N. H. De Saussure.

For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Saussure receives the most emphatic endorsement at the Institute.

Her qualities of character, her social position, and her five years' experience as Assistant Lady Principal at Vassar College, have won for her success and merited approval in the social training of young ladies.

In the autumn of 1888 Mrs. De Saussure will open her spacious, cheerful and elegant house, No. 147 Montague street, two minutes' walk from the Institute. Under her care the comforts of a well appointed home will be secured to young ladies, a careful and constant oversight of their studies, and such tender care as will make it a home in its literal sense, combined with the social advantages that form so important a part of a woman's symmetrical education.

Parents who have hesitated to send their daughters to a boarding-school can feel assured that they transfer their maternal care to one especially gifted for assuming such a responsibility.

Students graduated from the Institute and similar schools, and wishing to pursue a post graduate course, will also be received, and those wishing to give special attention to music and art. They will have excellent instruction in these branches, with opportunities for development of correct taste through the art collections, public rehearsals and concerts, that only a large city can supply.

Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

REFERENCES:

T. J. BACKUS, LL. D., Packer Collegiate Institute.
REV. EDWARD LATHROP, D. D., Stamford, Ct.
BENSON J. LOSSING, LL. D., Dover Plains, N. Y.
REV. J. RYLAND KENDRICK, LL. D., 44 Irving Place, N. Y.
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

So far as visible the season promises plain goods in new shades and new weaving. Solid colors largely predominate, and are given novel effects by being woven in stripes in most varied ways, as, for instance there are repped stripes alternating with diagonal stripes, corded stripes with satin-finished stripes, zigzag cuddah stripes with cashmere twilled stripes, or armure and bird's-eye woven stripes with those of lengthwise reps or cords; and these stripes are also varied in widths ranging from hair lines and half-inch modest stripes to those more bold and effective, from one to three inches wide, while clusters of one kind of stripe are massed to form wide stripes that alternate with solid stripes of a third kind of weaving.

Many high-finished goods are shown in plain fabrics with the silken glossy surfaces produced by closely woven twills; these will be found becoming to women of dark complexion, who delight in lustre, and having given up dull rough stuffs, even though of the finest quality.

Cashmeres are given a silken finish like that of Henrietta cloths, yet have no silk in them, and they are also woven in stripes, and are strewn with large dots that are made to look even more silky than the groundwork.

Plain Henrietta cloths are imported entirely of wool, and are also mixed with silk in such large proportion that the dealers call them satteen Henriettas.

It is the experience of dress makers that these mixed Henrietta cloths, even of the finest wool and silks, will slip and fray in the seams, and do not wear nearly as well as the pure wool cashmeres, which now rival them in lustre. Among diagonal stuffs, drap d'Alma is revived, with its widely woven twill, and there is a great deal of rough camel's-hair and of English serge in plain grounds and in stripes.

The soft fine chuddah cloths for both house and street dresses are made in France, but closely imitate in weaving the genuine India stuffs.

For winter costumes ladies' cloth is again imported in the light weights introduced last year, and is in all the new dull colors.

For tea gowns some prefer woolen material on condition that they are, if not as costly, at least as beautiful in their own degree as plush or velvet.

One model of this kind is of genuine Indian cashmere in a lovely shade of pink. The back is pleated and pointed, and the long train is mounted round the point; under the edge of the train is a ruche of pinked-out silk to match, but this is the only trimming.

The fronts and upper part of the sleeves are pleated to match the back; the side-pieces are cut in the ordinary princess style, but the fronts of the skirt are gathered and mounted on the edge of the corsage like the train.

A jabot of Mechlin lace ornaments the whole length of the front, and the deep cuffs are also of Mechlin lace. A band of green, pink and gold embroidered braid starts from the side seams, and is fastened in front by a rich clasp in pendants; the collar and epaulets encircling the arm-hole are of the braid, and a band of the braid is put around the sleeve below the elbow where the pleats terminate, the lower part of the sleeve forming a puff.

Although the majority of the new tea-gowns are very elegant in style, in others the efforts made to attain an artistic appearance are not always successful, and the quaintly cut sleeves and bias-puffed fronts are, on the whole, more likely to distort the figure than to add to its grace.

The open hanging sleeves, with close under-sleeves matching the under-dress in front, are extremely pretty, however, and there is, on the whole, a good deal of welcome variety in tea-gowns.

A good model is made in silk brocbe in redingote panels, divided from the back breadths, which are mounted on the edge of the corsage in large gathers, by ian pleatings of faille, matching the pleated front. The sleeves are in hanging Juive shape with pleated faille undersleeves; a rich braid trimming down the fronts and backs of the panels, and on the sleeves and collar, completes this very elegant toilette.

Even dressing and breakfast gowns are made with a certain degree of elegance, and open over plastrons and under-sleeves of velvet or plush, the pretty figured woolens of which they are made being slightly pleated at the shoulders, to give fulness to the whole of the front.

A capital idea is to use a woolen lace skirt for the front of a breakfast dress; one length covers the petticoat, which is of silk, and another forms the plastron and a short tablier draped irregularly across the top of the skirt below the braid or ribbon girdle.

The breakfast gown is of woolen material in any colors, but the prettiest models made in the way of cream and white woolen fabrics, relieved by an under-dress in a different color and material, and trimmed with bands of dark fur, or else the under-dress is of cream woolen lace over a colored silk foundation.

In this case the collars, revers, and cuffs, and pockets are of lace over silk to match. We recommend the idea to young ladies making their trousseaux.

Many of the bodices of dresses intended for ordinary evening wear are cut in the heart or V shape, the opening, if small, is finished off with a lace collar, which may be fastened at the throat with a knot of ribbon, or carried down in a point following the opening of the dress and then ending a coquille. A lace flounce or frill gathered round the neck has very much the same effect. Extremely fine white woollen lace is used in this way, and pretty dresses for young ladies made of light colored silk, the skirt covered with two deep flounces of lace, and draped with a pointed tunic and puffed back drapery of silk.

The silk bodice is opened in front only, and ornamented with a narrower flounce of lace gathered and put on as a full collar following the opening of the bodice and terminating in a point at the waist. The elbow-sleeves are trimmed to match. The dresses are made of silk, surah, or satin merveilleux, and are very simple and lady-like.

The corsage only slightly open in front is a step in the right direction; there is no one, not even the wearers of the extremely low bodies, which are, unfortunately, in fashion, who can justify this mode, and those who have not followed it have but one opinion the subject, viz., that it is hideous and immodest.

The tournure still decreases, and flat draperies being also in vogue, ladies above the ordinary size are adopting the redingote style of costume, in which they look extremely well; it adds nothing to the dimensions of the figure, and worn with a very small tournure is decidedly becoming.

The best jupons are made of plain or watered silk, with silk and lace flounces round the edge, and very often up the back as well. Pinked out flounces of all depths are used for the edges of petticoats, but for the balayeuses at the edges of dress skirts the flounces are very narrow, more frills in fact. A novel idea is to make the gathered flounce about four or five inches deep, and to border it with a band of moire ribbon.

Whatever the style of the dress may be, whether flat or draped, well-dressed women wear scarcely any tournure. The puffed, billowy appearance seen in many evening toilettes is given by the arrangement of the material, and is in no way due to steels, which give an altogether different effect.

With corsets made to fit and not to distort the figure, and dresses planned to display the grace of the wearer and not to alter and travesty all the lines of her contour, we must surely near the age of reason, which fashion is supposed never to approach.

Odds and Ends.

BAGS AND THEIR USES.

Handbags, reticules, carriage bags, bags for holding fans, opera glasses, etc., are looked upon at the present time as a fashionable and almost indispensable finish to a lady's toilette, and an account of their shape and make will be welcome to our girl readers, who can then make them for themselves, or as a very welcome present to their friends.

The bags intended for outdoor use or for concerts, whatever their shape are finished with long ribbon strings by which they are hung upon the arm, and certainly their convenience is unquestionable, as in them can be stowed away the opera-glasses, fan, purse, scent-bottle and handkerchief, that would otherwise have to be carried separately.

The present fashion of putting a pocket in the dress just where it cannot be reached by the owner without a struggle, obliges ladies to burden themselves with numerous small articles, and many are the bad five minutes passed in searching for missing possessions, or fancying they are lost, that these useful bags save, and thus only prevent the wear and tear of such anxieties, but by keeping the lady's temper sweet and unruffled, contribute to the enjoyment of her escort.

These bags are made of all shapes and sizes, and of any materials—in fact, as long as they are daintily got up they can be diversified at the maker's will: thus many remnants of plush, satin, brocade and velvet can be utilized in this becoming manner, while clean pieces left from light silk and satin evening dresses will often come for the linings, and smaller scraps to line just the upper part of a handbag or pin-cushion bag, where the lining does not show beyond the draw-strings, and less expensive material can also be used to complete it.

A long bag is intended for use at concerts or parties, where opera glasses are not required. It holds fan, handkerchief, scent-bottle, etc. The outside material is of a pale-tinted brocade, or of plain ribbed silk, delicately embroidered with sprays of field flowers, worked by hand in floss silks.

There are brocades to be procured at most silk mercer's of a cheap description that would answer this purpose as well as embroidery or brocades of an expensive make. Their foundation is either white, pale blue, or pink, and they are covered with soft-looking flower tendrils. The lining to this bag is of select silk, and its color will depend upon that of the cover. It should either match the deepest shade used in embroidering the flowers, or be a contrast to the foundation color.

By a contrast we do not mean a violent opposition, but any of the following combinations:

If the foundation is of soft blue or eau de Nil green, the lining color is of a salmon shade; for a pink foundation a sky-blue lining is required; for a lemon-yellow foundation an orange-yellow; for a heliotrope, a lining of cream white; for a purple, a lining of old gold or pale blue.

The ribbons that form the drawing strings, and are hung over the arm, are an inch and a half wide, and should match the lining as to color, with the bow at the side added to them; three yards of ribbon will be used.

To make up the bag: cut a piece of brocade or rep silk, thirty-two inches long and sixteen inches wide, and cut out the same size piece in surah lining silk; sew the two pieces together, and be careful to make the edges neat, particularly at the two ends. By end is meant length, not width.

Lay the piece down on a table with the surah uppermost, and three inches from each end pleat the sixteen inches into a double box pleat, reducing the width to ten inches. Stitch the box pleats firm at this spot only, then fold the piece together, still with the surah silk outside. Bring both ends together, and join down the two sides, by first running the two edges of brocade very neatly together and then overcasting or slip stitching the lining over the seam so made. A piece of plain ribbon is sewn over the stitching down of the box pleats to form the runner for the strings; this is kept to a line of three inches from the edge of the bag.

The bag is then turned to its right side, and two large button-holes made at the back of it to bring the ribbons through. Two lengths of the ribbon each forty inches long are necessary; their ends are brought out through the button-holes and sewn together. The remaining piece of ribbon is made up into a dainty bow and fastened to the side of the bag.

The opera-glass bag is more of the "granny-bag" than the above, but it has the peculiarity of being fitted with a stiff bottom bottom made by inserting a piece of cardboard shaped like the flat part of a double opera-glass. The lower part of the bag from the cardboard to the draw-string is made of satin or silk, the upper part of velvet or plush, and the lining of thinly quilted satin.

A piece of silk twenty-three inches wide by six deep, a piece of plush three and a half inches deep, and twenty-three inches wide, and a piece of quilted satin twenty-three inches wide and nine deep, make the bag, with the exception of six inches of plush and satin used to cover the cardboard. The foundation of the cardboard is six inches long, the sides are rounded off, the curves on which the wide part of the opera-glass rests are two and a quarter inches wide, and the narrow part in the centre is one and three quarter inches wide.

To make up the bag: prepare the foundation cardboard, and sew the plush to brocade with a very close running; open the seam thus made, and iron it with a warm but not hot iron. Take the lining and run it on the wrong side to the other end of the plush, and join the side seam up, first running the brocade and plush piece up and then the lining.

Now join the bag to the foundation, gather the brocade into a fulness where it is to be attached to the rounded sides of the cardboard, but leave it plain at the narrow parts. Sew the brocade to the foundation, and slip stitch the satin lining on its right side, so as to hide the raw edge of the brocade and leave the inside of the bag neat.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. B. T.—Aliens can purchase and hold real estate in Pennsylvania to the extent of $10 acres.

BARRETT.—"Red tape" is official formality, so called because lawyers and Government officials tie their papers together with red tape. Charles Dickens introduced the phrase.

ETCET.—The Jersey, Alderney and Guernsey or Channel Island cattle, are all one breed of cows, but have been variously named for the island from which they were brought.

CROESUS.—Croesus was King of Lydia, and he was so rich and powerful that he could command almost anything he wished for, and his name consequently became proverbial for wealth.

TROUBLE.—Sixteen is far too early for a girl to be thinking of love and lovers, unless there is some special reason why she should marry early. 2. No girl with any proper feeling, if she is engaged to one young man, would walk out with another.

BET.—The United States has an area of 3,602,990 square miles, and a population of 50,155,783, making 13.92 inhabitants to the square mile. The area of Great Britain is 121,371 square miles, with a population of 35,246,633 or 295.02 inhabitants to the square mile.

APOLLO.—An engagement ring would not be quite a suitable present to the young lady for her birthday as you are not at present engaged. As you say you mean to give her something else as well, why not give her that something, and leave the ring till all is settled between you?

ZOO.—"Pachydermatous" means thick-skinned; the "ch" is sounded hard, like "k," and the accent is on the third syllable. Formerly the Pachydermata constituted an order of the class Mammalia, and included animals so diverse as the elephant, the horse, and the dog; but it is now merged in other orders.

ALP. P.—It was customary among ladies and gentlemen of fashion of the early Georgian period to wear black patches on their faces as embellishments; therefore, when actors and actresses are taking part in a play, the scenes of which are representing the manners and customs of the above-mentioned period, they also wear a black patch to be in keeping with their parts.

SOPHIE F.—The disparity of age is certainly great; but still it is a hard thing to be compelled to stifle the heart's affections through considerations on that account. Let both of you search well into your own heart—study well your feelings—and if you are convinced that your love is deep, sincere, and founded on principle, apart from mere external appearance, then our advice to you both is to marry at once.

T. G. LLOYD.—Surgical appliances for spinal curvature can be obtained from any surgical instrumental maker, but they must be ordered by, or applied under the supervision of, a surgeon. You are not competent to select an apparatus for yourself; and you would do best to put yourself under the care of an experienced surgeon before thinking of spending your money on what are, at all times, expensive contrivances.

ANNIE.—St. Swithin was Bishop of Winchester, in England, in the ninth century. The tradition concerning him is that it rained for forty days in consequence of the proposed removal of his remains from the place where they were buried in the Cathedral. The dead Saint is supposed to have taken this extraordinary means of showing his indignation. We have never heard of any connection of his name with the flood with which Noah had to do.

GRAPH.—A good jellygraph or copying-pad can be made by soaking two ounces of Russian glue for some hours in water; then melt it over a slow fire. While it is melting add eight ounces of glycerine, a few drops of carbolic acid, and, to give it a whitish color, a little whiting. Stir it well, and pour it into a shallow tin tray. When cool it is ready for use. The ink for this graph is made with aniline crystal, spirits of wine, and gum arabic.

REP.—"Three sheets in the wind" means unsteady from drinking, just as a ship is unsteady when its sheets are in the wind. The sail of a ship is fastened at one of the bottom corners by a rope called a "tack," the other corner is left more or less free as the rope called a "sheet" is disposed; if quite free the sheet is said to be "in the wind," and the sail flaps and flutters without restraint. If the three sails were so loosened the ship would reel and stagger like a drunken man.

BATH.—Chloride of antimony is generally used for browning gun barrels; and because it is so good in its operation, it is often called browning salt. Mix it, until it becomes of a creamy consistency, with olive oil; slightly heat the barrel, and then coat its surface evenly with the mixture. The operation can be continued until the degree of browning requisite is gained. The process is greatly helped if a little nitric acid is added to the paste of chloride of antimony and olive oil.

THIRTY.—It would be impossible for us to answer your question as to "what income would justify a man in marrying?" The sufficiency of an income whereon to marry must depend on circumstances, such as disposition and previous habits of husband and wife, the style of residence, and more particularly on the wife's tact and management. There is no doubt that the income of a married life is a great source of its happiness or misery, and no one should think of marrying unless he has sufficient whereon to support a wife comfortably, or as she is willing to be supported.

ANNABELLA.—The word "Gospel" is a compound of two Saxon words, i. e., God, "good," and spell, "tidings" or "message." Thus it signifies "God's tidings," or "good tidings." Observe, "God" and "good" are synonymous terms. The passage referring to the "horn being exalted with honor" may be understood when you look at pictures of favorite Asiatic headdresses of the upper classes. Among the Druses on Mount Lebanon married women still wear silver horns on their heads, projecting out over the forehead, and which a long veil depends on each side. Men also used to wear a horn, sometimes of a spiral pattern, from a close-fitting headcovering; and the term, metaphorically speaking, was used to signify strength and honor. The animal mentioned in the Book of Job is believed to be identical with the hippopotamus.